FT
MEADE

PZ 5
.C447
Ma
1857
Copy 2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 35 Copyright No. .....

Shelf .....

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MAMMA'S BUDGET

OR

DAILY READINGS

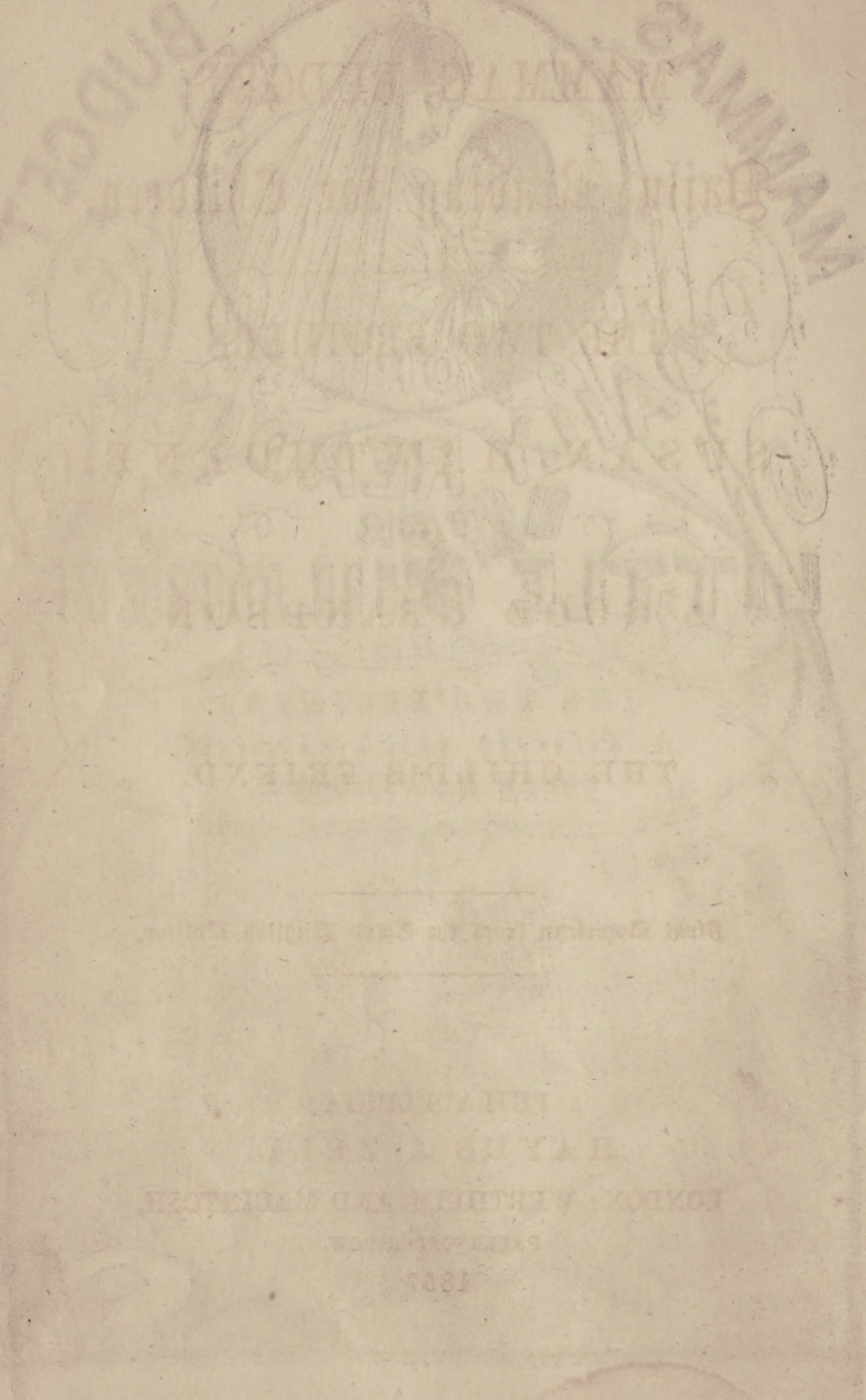
FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A GOOD GRANDSON.

SUSAN HAWTHORNE.



MAMMA'S BUDGET;

OR,

Daily Reading for Children.

THE TWO BROTHERS

SUSAN HAWTHORNE,

AND

A GOOD GRANDSON.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Mamma's Budget.

THE TWO BROTHERS;

OR,

THE LITTLE COWSLIP-GATHERERS.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.
6287.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
HAYES & ZELL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION OF MAMMA'S BUDGET.

THE following little work having met with a favorable reception from the children of Old England, its author has been induced to present it in a revised and enlarged form, to the millions of 'Young America,' in full confidence that they will grant the stranger a kindly welcome, and a *home* in their library.

Parents and Teachers who are in want of instructive and amusing books for those under their charge, are earnestly invited to examine this little work, which aims to inculcate the best feelings—the highest principles.

It might at first sight appear almost presumptuous to suppose that there is yet room for an addition to our juvenile literature; but all who are interested in the education of young people, know that the love of reading is an ever-increasing appetite; and that instructive and amusing books, based on sound, moral and religious principles, are never too numerous.

OPINIONS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS

ON

MAMMA'S BUDGET.

"The design of these pretty little Reading books is "to inculcate love for whatever is useful and excellent, and to impress on the minds of the rising generation, the necessity of Christian principles and profession, being exhibited in feelings and acts of kindness and gentleness." The style, manner, and subject of these works fully sustain their professed design."—*Sunday School Teacher's Magazine and Journal of Commerce. (England.)*

"A little Volume containing three pleasantly written Tales. They are likely to prove entertaining to children, and at the same time to inculcate useful *moral* lessons."—*Bristol Mercury. (England.)*

"These Stories are very natural and pretty; they are neatly got up, and are embellished with wood cuts."—*The Church Warder and Domestic Magazine. (England.)*

THE TWO BROTHERS;

OR, THE

LITTLE COWSLIP GATHERERS.

CHAPTER I.

A COLD windy day towards the end of April, had succeeded to weather that had for a week past, rather resembled such as we commonly experience in June, than the more fickle temperature so frequently met with during our spring months; several showers had prevented little Alice from taking her usual exercise in the morning; but about three o'clock,

the clouds dispersed, and though still blustering and disagreeable, Mrs. Grantham, her grandmother, and at whose house she was on a visit, desired her maid Bentley, to prepare the child for a walk, and advised her grand-daughter to go and trundle the hoop up and down on the downs, immediately in front of their pretty villa. Alice would have preferred remaining within doors, working at a slipper she had commenced for her Papa, and listening to a story Mrs. Grantham had been reading to her, about two poor orphans; but she remembered how often her mamma had told her that children should *obey*, without raising objections to the orders and wishes of their elders; so, merely expressing regret that they had not had time to finish the tale, and that it was too cold for her to hope for the society of her grandmother on the downs, Alice put away her work neatly, and hastened away to get ready, that she might not detain Bentley longer than necessary from the sewing. Before leaving the house, she ran into the drawing-room to kiss her grandmother,

when this latter kindly smiling on her cheerful countenance, observed:—

"Alice, my dear, when your mamma asked me to have you at Clifton for a couple of months, she assured me I should find you a very obedient child; and I can say with sincere pleasure, that during the fortnight you have already spent here, I have found you a very good little girl: for a moment, I did fear that you were about to object to going out this afternoon, but after an instant's struggle between duty and inclination, I was glad to see the complete triumph of the former over the latter: not only did you go off without making useless objections, but you went off at once, and cheerfully. Heaven grant, my child, that you may always thus prevail over your evil passions—And now, what little gratification can I afford you this evening?—You need not remain out above an hour, and then you can return, and I will conclude the story; or, I have been thinking, would you like the young Hayworths to be invited for a couple of hours? you have frequently

seen them on your former visits here; and they returned last night from London: Mary and Emma are nearly of your own age."

"Thank you, dear grandmamma, I should like nothing better than to see them again: I was very much disappointed when mamma told me I should not find them here, and I was going to ask her to let me come some other time, but I heard papa say I ought to leave home at once, and then I knew it was useless to speak to mamma on the subject, though I could not understand why father thinks Oak Farm too cold for me during the spring months. Do you think if I were to ask for them, Mrs. Hayworth would let Emma and Mary come out with me? we should have such a nice race."

"I know not, indeed, but you can try. Ask Bentley to be so good as to go with you, and here is a shilling you can spend in some cakes for a tea-party, which you will of course have on your return from your race."

"Oh, this will be delightful indeed:

Bentley and I will go to the confectioner's, whilst they are getting ready to come out:" and away ran Alice, to inform Bentley of her grandmother's wishes.

On their obtaining Mrs. Hayworth's consent to Emma and Mary's accompanying Alice, Edward begged so hard to be of the party, that his mamma consented, on condition of the three girls promising to take care of him; but Alice found that she must defer purchasing the cakes until later, as Bentley wanted to hasten home to finish half an hour's work that was wanted before her mistress could dress for dinner.

So the children played on the green—sometimes they would all race after each other, at other times one of them would trundle Alice's hoop, whilst another would toss up Edward's ball. They never wearied of play till past five o'clock, when suddenly Alice recollected her cakes, and having informed her companions of the necessity of their seeking Bentley to make the required purchase, they turned their steps homewards. As they approached Mrs. Gran-

tham's gate, a poor boy with a large basket of cowslips begged them to buy a bunch of his pretty yellow flowers: the children, however, had no pennies to spend on the contents of his basket, for they had only the shilling with which they were going to buy their cakes, and they had already decided to purchase three different kinds, which would use up every farthing of their money: so, good-humouredly telling the lad they did not want any flowers, they hurried to the house, and Alice having called Bentley, they again sallied forth to make the purchases for their tea. This being done, they returned to Mrs. Grantham's, but on again drawing near the gate, Bentley desired them all to run in, as she had forgotten to execute a commission her mistress had given her, and she had to go back to the shop they had just left.

The next moment, Edward, who had run forward, screamed out, "look here! look here!" at the same time holding up a couple of bunches of beautiful cowslips.

"Where did you get them?" cried out

Frank offering his Cowslips for Sale.

the girls, hastening up to him, when they immediately beheld the basket they had previously seen the little boy carrying."

"Where can the lad be?" said Alice. "So strange of him to leave his flowers here."

"He cannot be far off, I should think," answered Emma, "perhaps he has gone up to the house to enquire if any one will buy from him there."

"But how silly to leave his treasures here in the road; so careless of him!"

"Here he is, here he is, said Edward, running back from the shrubbery which led from the gate to the house, and where he had gone, on Mary's beginning to speak."

"Where, where," cried all the girls; "asleep on the grass, behind the old chestnut tree: he never stirred when I went near him: there he is, there, see!" and the children beheld the little sleeper; he was lying at full length on the soft turf, his arms serving for a pillow, his hat had fallen off, and a profusion of light curly hair, blown aside by the gentle breeze, exhibited

a forehead as fair as its proportions were well formed. The little fellow slept soundly.

"How pale he looks;" said Emma: "he did not look thus, when he spoke to us."

"No, he looked rosy then; but now, he not only appears pale—he is skin and bone!"

"Just look at his fingers, Alice, dear; he does not seem to have a bit of flesh either on them, or on his cheeks: poor child, how tired he must be, to sleep so quietly."

"Yes, and we all talking! and so much noise in the road, and on the downs this evening. I could not sleep so fast, were I in his place: but what has made him so pale all of a sudden, I am afraid he must be very ill."

"No, no, Edward; I fancy, that when he appeared so rosy to us, he was only heated: he ran quickly to get near us, and that large basket must be very heavy."

"I never thought of that, Emma; but what can we do, we ought to go in; grandmamma will be expecting us, it is getting late, and yet I do not like to leave this poor

boy asleep here, and his flowers outside the gate."

"No indeed, some one may steal his cowslips, and then when he wakes up, he will be so disappointed. Could not we and Mary help each other to bring the basket within the gates? I think we might, though it is so very large."

"But you forget, Emma, that he is losing his time, he may sleep on here for an hour, and then it will be nearly dark, and he will find no one about to whom he can sell his flowers, and they will not be so fresh to-morrow."

"It would be a pity to wake him out of such a sound sleep:" expostulated Edward. But he expressed himself in so loud a tone, that the object of his remark began to move, and turning round on his side without opening his eyes, he murmured a few broken sentences, such as, only one penny all to-day—I have only sold—only two—two bunches—I must, must, sell the rest—and here, he would have again dropped off to sleep, but Alice gently touched his arm,

saying kindly as she did so: "little boy, you have left your basket of cowslips in the road, you will be losing them, wake up, and try and sell them."

The child started to his feet at once, and blushing deeply, began stammering out an apology for his having fallen asleep on their turf; he moved towards the gate as he spoke: but Alice seeing him walk as though he were still tired, said:—

"You appear fatigued yet; how have you been so tired to-day?"

"Please my little lady, I went off early this morning, but I could not get cowslips enough to fill my basket, until I had walked a distance of seven miles; Tommy was with me, and he got so fatigued before we got back again, that I was obliged to carry his basket as well as my own. I have been out all day."

"And who is Tommy, pray?" cried Emma. "My little brother, Miss; he is quite young."

"How old is he?" asked Edward. "Nine years old last month, young master; but he

is not so strong as other boys of his age are; he had scarlet fever last winter, and he has never been quite well since. Dame Hill says he will not get well she thinks:" and here, a tear gathered in either eye, but was hastily brushed away.

"And who is dame Hill?" demanded Edward, as he felt in his pocket for a couple of walnuts he just remembered his mother had given him that morning, and which he thought might as well be given for little Tommy as be eaten by himself. "Who is this dame Hill that thinks your brother will not get well?"

"Please, sir, she is a very good old woman with whom Tommy and I live."

"But why do you not live at home with your father and mother?"

"Oh sir, father and mother have been dead many years; at least, I can only just recollect father, he must have been dead nearly seven years since; and mother caught a severe cold some three years ago, and then followed father."

"And who has taken care of you two

ever since your mother's death?" continued Mary. "Have you lived with dame Hill all this time, nearly three years?"

"Yes, indeed, miss: though very poor, she offered to let us sleep in a closet she has, and said we might have the good of whatever little firing she might contrive to get, and she promised she would never turn us off, so long as I could manage to procure food sufficient for Tommy and myself."

"But you are too young to get food for yourself and your brother," urged Alice.

"No, Miss, I am not so young as I look. I was eleven years old last November."

"And have you always had enough for yourself and Tommy to eat?" said Emma, surprised that a boy only two years older than herself, could obtain by his own work food for himself and his little brother; "quite enough to eat?"

"We could often have eaten more, miss, but we have managed very comfortably on the whole, until Tommy caught the fever: then I lost a good deal of time in nursing

him, at least, I could not earn so much money as formerly; and since that time, I have not felt so strong myself, and dame Hill says Tommy wants nourishing food, and I cannot get him enough, I am afraid, but I do not like to part with him."

"Part with him!" exclaimed the children in one breath, "why part with him?"

"The neighbours say, that if I would let him go into the *house*, he would obtain better food than I can get for him, but he cries if I speak of letting him go there."

"But your brother's crying at the thought of leaving you, should not deter you from following the advice of your neighbours, when they speak so wisely. Perhaps your sending Tommy to the workhouse may be the means of saving his life; he probably requires more food than you can give him."

The children turned towards Mrs. Grantham, as she stepped out from her drawing room window on to the piece of lawn. She had, unknown to the little party outside, heard much of the foregoing conversation, having been sitting behind the

Venetian blinds: and her benevolent feelings were quickly interested in the poor little fellow who stood trembling before her, for the wind was high and very cold, whilst the boy, whose story had so touched the kind hearts of his sympathizing hearers, was very scantily clad, though his dress was extremely clean, and much patched.

Alice and Edward now vied with each other in endeavouring to prove to the kind old lady the cruelty of its being expected that the elder brother should send the young one from him. Mrs. Grantham good-humouredly answered,

"I am very sorry my advice don't please you: I am afraid I shall be considered cruel, in recommending that we should no longer continue on this turf, which is rather damp after this morning's rain; and further, if I dared, I would humbly recommend that we retire within doors, for I am certain it is both too late and too cold for Alice to continue exposed to this chilly atmosphere. I hope no offence."

A gay laugh from Alice and the Hay-

worths followed the above speech, but the next instant they all looked anxiously at the little stranger, when Edward, who stood nearest to Mrs. Grantham, said in a low voice, "But this poor boy! what will become of him then? and his poor little brother?"

"I will invite him to come in also, and we will talk over his affairs quietly. I do not like being out this disagreeable evening, and I dare say you also will not object to the warmth of a good fire, and a bowl of bread and milk; pray what is your name, my little man? I always like to know the names of those I speak with," added Mrs. Grantham in a kind voice, as she motioned to the boy to enter her house. The latter bowed most gratefully, as he replied, "My name is Francis Wentworth, ma'am: neighbours generally call me Frank, but Tommy always calls me brother Frank."

"But the basket! the basket!" cried out several of the children, as they saw Francis crossing the threshold, without apparently thinking of his property.

"My cowslips! please ma'am, excuse me

one moment, whilst I go and fetch them :" and Frank, having ran down the steps with this view, was quickly followed by Edward, who insisted on helping him, though the young gentleman was far more likely to mar than forward the task ! However, the basket of cowslips was brought within the garden gate, and safely placed beneath the tree where their little owner had so lately obtained a sound sleep. In the mean time Mrs. Grantham had informed her old man-servant, Wilcox, of the expected guest, and when the two boys entered the library, a large bowl of new milk, and a huge slice of home-made bread, stood on a small table near the window, where a chair had been placed by Alice, for the little hungry boy.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK was soon seated at his post, and the children prepared to arrange their evening meal; for their anticipated pleasure consisted mainly in spreading bread and butter, putting the cakes in their respective dishes, making the tea, and setting forth to the best advantage a new service of china, which had been presented to Alice by her papa on the day of her leaving home. These different matters occupied their time for a full quarter of an hour, Edward being employed by each in turn; when Alice, who by Mrs. Grantham's advice had left Frank to eat his supper in quiet during the interval, now advanced to his chair to see if he would have anything more; but what was her surprise to find that he had made away with

scarcely a fourth of the bread, whilst the bowl was nearly as full of milk as in the first instance: and yet he still kept nibbling at his bread, and sipping the rich beverage that stood so temptingly before him.

"Why you have eaten nothing, hardly, Frank, nor drank your milk."

These exclamations brought the rest of the party to the spot at once.

"Is not the milk good, Frank? the weather is damp to-day," urged Emma, as, with a spoon she held in her hand, she took a few drops to taste. "Excellent! why do you not drink it, and eat your nice piece of bread?"

"Perhaps he don't like milk," said Mary, who was not very partial to it herself.

"Oh yes, young ladies, I like it very much indeed:" interrupted Frank.

"You would perhaps like a cake," put in Edward, as he hurried off in direction of the tea table, to obtain one for the poor boy.

"No sir, no!" cried Frank; evidently distressed at the mere suspicion that he

should not be quite satisfied with what had been provided him: "indeed, young master, the bread is the best I have tasted this long time, and the milk too, only—only—" and here, Frank hesitated, as though unable to explain himself; when fortunately, to the relief of all parties, Mrs. Grantham having dined, appeared within the door.

"Grandmamma, he has eaten nothing, scarcely:" cried Alice, on seeing her venerable relative come into the room; and Emma says the milk is excellent, and Frank says the bread is the best he has eaten this long time; then, why does he keep them standing there, as though the milk were sour and the bread hard? and we have been so busy, thinking he was eating his supper all the time! and Alice stopped speaking for want of breath; when Frank, who had risen on Mrs. Grantham's entrance, now advanced towards the spot where she stood, surrounded by the children:—"If you please ma'am, I have eaten a tolerable good supper."

"But you were hungry, so why have you taken a *tolerable*, instead of a very good

supper, my little man?" demanded his kind questioner; for, from his hesitating manner, and his varying countenance, she at once perceived, that there was a *something* which he either could not, or did not like to explain; but summoning courage, he began:—"Indeed ma'am, I would have eaten more, only—only I just thought, that if I did not eat up all the bread, and drink all the milk, you might perhaps—perhaps, let me take it home for poor little Tommy."

A pause of a couple of minutes ensued, after Frank's avowal—the four children were silenced by a combined feeling of admiration at the boy's fraternal affection, and of wonder at the necessity of its display in such a manner; for though they had often heard of poverty, never had it been so forcibly presented to their notice, as at the present moment; whilst Mrs. Grantham was rapidly considering in her mind, how the scene might be turned to the greatest advantage of all parties concerned. Having decided, she replied:—"Well Frank, you can take it home if you like; I do not how-

ever think you have as yet taken a fair portion for yourself! but no matter, you can take a little more with your brother, I suppose, if you like."

"But dear grandmamma, Frank is hungry, I know he is; surely he ought to eat that bread and milk himself! it was meant for him."

"I could eat three times as much as he has taken! little fellow as I am:" and Master Edward Hayworth eyed with great contempt, the remaining bread and milk: when Mrs. Grantham mildly observed:—"But if he would *rather* give what remains to his young brother, I imagine you would not be so cruel as to forbid his doing so."

"No, no, certainly not, dear grandmamma, only—only, I was thinking;"—and Alice looked from one to the other of her young companions in silence.

"What were you thinking about? something about us, I am sure," said Emma, who had been watching the puzzled expression of Alice's countenance.

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed Mary: "it is about the cakes, is it not?"

"Why yes," answered Alice with a smile; "I was thinking, if I dare propose, that we should give up part of our cakes for Tommy."

"And this loaf of bread," chimed in Edward; "Wilcox will bring us another."

"Stop, if you please, young ladies and gentleman!" observed Mrs. Grantham: "I cannot allow of that loaf of bread being given away, because you must all have some supper, as well as Frank and his brother, *I* have given away all I can to night, not only have I provided suppers for you five young people, but there are two little girls expected momentarily in the kitchen, to whom I have promised a shilling's worth of meat, for their poor old mother, who is a great invalid: but I tell you what I can allow, and that is, that you should give away the cakes, the bread and butter you have spread so nicely, and also the sugar, with which I see Bentley has filled your sugar-bowl. These I am willing you should give

away, they are not necessaries to you, and you can *exist* for one night on plain bread and milk, if you choose to do so. Are you all agreed?"

"But grandmamma, how can we drink tea without sugar?"

"Oh, I forgot the tea! but why not drink it without sugar? many people do so: or, which would be the wiser plan, you can give it away also: I dare say Frank has rarely tasted it, and though not particularly good for him or his brother, they may for once like to enjoy such a luxury; what do you say Frank?"

"Thank you ma'am, kindly; but I would not deprive the young ladies and this little gentleman of all their good things, this nice bread and milk will do very well indeed for Tommy, and I have already eaten enough."

"But you could eat more, I am sure, were it not for your brother," said Alice.

"Perhaps, Miss, I might; but then I took a penny as we were returning to town; a gentleman bought a couple of bunches for two little girls he was driving in a pony-

carriage: with this I can buy more bread if we want it."

"And is that penny all the money you have, my poor boy?" asked Emma.

"Yes, my young lady, all I have to-night, but to-morrow we will be out early, calling our cowslips, and I hope we shall make as much as a whole shilling in the course of the day, or perhaps even more. But I forgot! we met a gentleman and lady walking by the church, and their little dog caught hold of Tommy's dress, so the lady kindly gave him a halfpenny."

"How many bunches have you got?" demanded Mary.

"I have twenty-four in my own basket, little Miss; and Tommy's holds about eighteen; but sometimes, when any one buys a large quantity for wine, we let them have the cowslips for less than a halfpenny a bunch; I would willingly let the whole we have, go for fifteen or eighteen pence. We could then go off and gather more at once."

"And do you always go so far as you did to day?" asked Edward.

"He kindly joined Emma and myself in our pretty Bower, and explained to us what he had read."

"Yes, sir; or we should not get fine cowslips; the fields nearer town have been visited so often, that there are now few good ones to be found in them."

"And are you certain these are the kind used for the making of wine?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I gather no others."

"Are there more than one kind of cowslips, Edward?"

"Yes, Alice; but only one that is used for wine."

"Did you know that, Mary?"

"Not till last month, Alice; when our cousin Eustace having given Edward a little book, the latter found in it a short description of the common cowslip, on which he kindly joined Emma and myself in our pretty bower, and explained to us what he had read."

"I fear *I* did not pay much attention, Mary; I was so busy sorting the flowers for mamma's bouquet. You two seemed much interested in the subject; one thing I remarked, there were several very hard words."

"Ah, the hard words I could not have understood, but for the explanations of Eustace, who occasionally helped me to make their meaning clear to Mary."

"And where are these cowslips mostly found?"

"They are very plentiful in meadows and pastures of England, and in some parts of Europe; but only on a soil of clay or marle, Alice."

"What is marle?"

"Eustace said it was a kind of clay, Emma"

"Are they in flower all the summer, Edward?"

"Oh, no, Alice; only in April or May."

"And have they no cowslips in America, Edward?"

"Oh, yes, Emma; but the American cowslip is quite different from ours, and it is not fit for wine."

"What part of the cowslip is used for wine, Mary?"

"The blossoms, Alice."

"You walk far for your cowslips."

"Generally speaking, sir; but I have never before taken Tommy such a distance; and I will not again do so, till he is stronger; when we have sold off one basket-full, I shall leave him to sell the other, whilst I can go off, and gather another supply. This will be the best plan."

"Grandmamma, do you never have cowslip-wine made?" whispered Alice.

"Every year, my dear, till the present one; but I have had so many calls on my purse for charitable purposes, within the last seven months, that I decided to do without all home-made wines this year."

"What a pity! would it not have been fortunate, if we could have taken all his cowslips for wine, this evening Frank might have taken home eighteen pence?"

"Well, if you and your little friends are willing to deprive yourselves of your cakes, sugar, and bread and butter; I will undertake to pay Frank his eighteenpence. But consider well, before you decide. Can you eat a bread and milk supper, contentedly, at what was intended to be a Tea Party?"

"Oh, yes," answered several of the children, laughing; "but" added Alice, "what can you do, dear Grandmamma, with these simple cakes, and the sugar"—"and the bread and butter, too!" interrupted Edward, laughing heartily.

"Oh, do not be uneasy on that score:" replied Mrs. Grantham; "these little cakes I shall give to the little girls who are now below, waiting for their mother's meat; they will be a change to her, poor woman, and we want to tempt her appetite—the sugar can go back to my sugar box, whilst the bread and butter, I shall give to Frank as a present from myself: pray, are you now satisfied with the way in which I mean to dispose of your late property?" and the old lady looked with a smile on her young listeners.

"Quite satisfied," responded several voices: "but Mrs. Grantham," observed Emma, "I suppose Frank is to have the tea; would it not be better for a little sugar? he may not like the taste of tea perhaps."

"Then he need not drink it, but what

say you Frank? have you tasted tea?"

"Very rarely, ma'am; and I could drink it very well without sugar, especially with this good milk; but if that tea is given to me, I shall not drink it myself, but I shall take it to Dame Hill, who is very fond of it, and can rarely afford to purchase any; I know that she has some sugar."

"And pray, how do you know that she happens to have sugar?"

"Because ma'am, I bought her a quarter of a pound last night, with the remaining half-pence I had after buying our supper: she has not been very well these few days, and fancied a little gruel, which I knew she would like better, if it had a little sugar in it—but she very seldom buys it."

"Well then, I shall beg to add to your tea, a pound of brown sugar, which you can give as your own present; for, but for you, I should not have given it."

"But ma'am, it is not my present, but yours; and Dame Hill will be so glad."

"Then here is your eighteen pence," and Mrs. Grantham counted out the money.

"Now I should much like to know what you intend doing with it? but of course you need not tell me unless you like."

"Oh ma'am, this eighteen pence, I shall keep if possible, till I have sufficient to buy Tommy a pair of stout shoes. The bread and milk here will make us an excellent supper, and we can start in the morning to our work with a halfpenny roll a-piece, as soon as we have brought you the other basket of cowslips. We will eat our dinner when I have gathered some more cowslips and sold some. I shall leave Tommy to help dame Hill."

"But *your* shoes are full of holes," observed Mrs. Grantham. "You want new ones."

"Yes, ma'am, but I can wait a little longer; Tommy has none, for I have never been able to buy him but two pair, and they are quite worn out."

"But two pair cannot have lasted him all these years. What has he done?"

"Without, ma'am, great part of the time, and as long as he could stay at home in bad weather, it did not so much signify, but now

he has to work, and he must have shoes, for he very easily takes cold. Where shall I put the cowslips, ma'am? or would you rather that I leave them in the basket to-night, they will keep very well where they are, I think."

"Then leave them as they are. You can take your basket when you bring the other cowslips; here is a pitcher in which you can take your milk, the bread and butter you can put in your pocket."

"But how will he take the tea? the tea for Mrs. Hill."

"Ah! I had nearly forgotten that, Edward. Run and ask Wilcox for a common jug.....there, that will do admirably. Now bring both back to-morrow morning when you come with your basket of cowslips."

"Many thanks, ma'am, many thanks, young ladies, and you too, young master, for all your kindness; neither Tommy nor I shall forget it."

And Frank left, laden with his provisions, but not until Mrs. Grantham had ascertained where Mrs. Hill resided.

CHAPTER III.

THE children did not separate without its being decided that each should try and think of some means which might tend to better the condition of the orphan boys; Mrs. Grantham saying she would willingly share any expense necessary to carry out their project.

The following morning, long before Alice was awake, Frank and Tommy had brought the cowslips and pitchers, when they took away both their baskets, and whilst Frank had turned towards the country, his younger brother had sorrowfully bent his steps homewards in a contrary direction. This was all the information Alice could obtain of Wilcox, who kindly answered her innumerable inquiries with the utmost possible patience. In the evening, the Hayworths made their appearance, saying, their mamma would take as many as eight shillings' worth

of cowslips, for wine, but they were to tell Frank that they must be picked as quickly as possible, for their housekeeper wished to make the whole at once. Alice exclaimed,

"Oh Grandmamma! what a pity Tommy cannot help him: how I wish we could! do you not think we could walk as far as Frank, Grandmamma?"

"No, my dear, certainly not. You are none of you accustomed to such long walks, but I am willing to spare Bentley for a day, and to provide donkey carriages to convey you to the cowslip fields and back again; on condition that you do not merely make a play of it, but work as hard at filling your baskets as you can without over-fatigue; otherwise it is a pity to spend so much money."

"But indeed, dear grandmamma, you may depend on our being industrious; will we not work hard, Emma? but, can you all get leave for to-morrow?"

"May I not run home and ask mamma?" cried the eager Edward.

"Yes, my dear; and tell your mamma,

that my maid Bentley will accompany the party; so that she will have no cause for uneasiness."

"Grandmamma, we might take Tommy with us, might we not?"

"I think so, he might sit in front with one of the drivers, Edward must sit with the other, and Bentley and you three girls will have ample room."

"Hurrah! hurrah! mamma says we may go, and that she is very much obliged to you, Mrs. Grantham; and here—holding up a coin as he spoke, is a new two-shilling piece, for cakes, or whatever we choose to buy."

The above news was heard with unfeigned satisfaction by the young people.

"A two-shilling piece!" said Mary, "but Edward, did mamma give this money?"

"No, mamma said she would give us a plain dinner, only she knew kind Mrs. Grantham would do that—Uncle Charles gave this piece, it was his dog, you know, that caught hold of Tommy's dress!"

"Your mamma is right, I will give you

a dinner, a plain one—plenty of cold meat and bread, with a rhubarb pie as dessert."

"That will do capitally, but ma'am, may we not give Frank some?"

"Certainly, my dear boy; and Tommy also, for it is settled Tommy shall go in front with one of the drivers; whilst you go with the other one."

"Both Frank and Tommy can go if you like, I am sure there would be room, and it would save him a long walk for once, poor boy."

"But some of the donkey boys are so disagreeable, they might object to two going in front and two behind, Edward; do you not think so, ma'am?"

"They might object; and yet, you are all little things, but Bentley."

"We will not have a disagreeable boy! we will, if you say so, Mrs. Grantham; go now at once, and engage a couple, and if two in front should really be too heavy, if you are willing, I will take it in turns with Frank to walk and ride; may I not? I am nearly as stout as Frank!"

"You are nearly as stout, certainly; but considering that you have a long day's work before you, I think it would be imprudent that you should tire yourself before you commence; however Alice, tell Bentley I will thank her to accompany you all to where the boys stand, and then see what bargain you can make; tell her also about to-morrow, I know she wants to go."

Away ran Alice, followed by the rest of the children; they were soon on their way to the spot where the donkey boys and their patient beasts were standing, nor was much time lost in making an arrangement with a couple of them, to convey the *whole* party on the morrow to the cowslip fields, about seven or eight miles distant. Seven o'clock was the time appointed to set off, and having taken a run on the downs, the children returned to Mrs. Grantham's, when the Hayworths at once took leave, and Alice retired early to bed, that she might be ready in the morning for her work; her grandmother, promising to send a message, that Frank and Tommy were to be at her

house at seven the following morning, when the children could tell them of their good fortune; for so delighted were they at the thought of assisting the young orphans by the labour of their own hands, that they begged Mrs. Grantham, they might be allowed to communicate the joyful tidings to the two boys.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE half-past six the following morning the whole party were assembled. We need not tell our readers that the excursion was one of enjoyment, fortunately the weather had cleared off beautifully, baskets had been begged and obtained, until Wilcox and Robert had both declared no more could be got—there was not one left in either house! One was wanted for the eatables, whilst five were required for the labourers! for of course, Bentley must have one! and of course Emma, Alice, Mary, and Edward, each must have one! since Frank and Tommy had each one; and a couple of small ones had been put into the first donkey-chair by Edward, who wisely declared that he knew they would be glad enough with little ones, when their large ones

got nearly full, so he had slipped into Mrs. Pry's sanctum sanctorum, and had slipped out again in the utmost haste, carrying off in triumph two convenient sized baskets the old housekeeper kept for her own especial use; and away he had ran to Mrs. Grantham's; only turning round once, to take a peep at Mrs. Pry shaking her hand at him, and hear her threaten he should have no cakes on his birth-day; a threat which did not occasion him much fear. A pleasant drive of a couple of hours took them to the desired fields, when they set to work in real earnest. It was a pleasant cool day, the birds were singing charmingly, and the cowslip gatherers were all in such spirits, that to see them begin, one might have supposed that they intended to clear the whole neighbourhood of its coveted treasures in the way of cowslips; but at the end of a couple of hours, all but Frank and Tommy felt more or less fatigued: indeed it is probable the two latter would willingly have ceased gathering for a time, but they did not complain, whilst the others were

compelled to take a short rest. They then again picked away until twelve o'clock, when hunger was now the general complaint! So the basket of provisions was brought from its shady concealment, a clean apron of Bentley's was turned into a table-cloth, knives and forks were soon called into service, and Frank having fetched a jug of clear water from an excellent spring, the party sat down to their well earned meal; Frank and Tommy following the example of the others, on being told to do so, but respectfully keeping a little in the back ground. All did full justice to their dinner; the chicken disappeared in a very short space, whilst part of a cold tongue, lingered no long time behind; but part of a cold leg of mutton offered a more formidable resistance, and the greater portion of it remained when Edward proposed that they should commence work again. Bentley now produced a bottle of currant wine, which was hailed with acclamations of delight by the girls and Edward; who exclaimed:—

"Who could have sent it? just the

The Dinner Party in the Cowslip Field.

very thing. Who sent it, Bentley?"

After a long time Bentley admitted that Mrs. Pry had sent it, whilst she herself had contrived to hide it in the last donkey chair, at the moment Edward was so busily engaged concealing his stolen property.

"Just like good old Pry! I knew her indignation would not last long."

"But Edward, don't you be waving the bottle about in that way; you will be breaking it, and I should be more sorry for little Tommy than for ourselves: did you notice how pale he looked after sitting down?" said Emma.

"Poor boys, they both of them look delicate enough, but a glass of this will do them good," and Edward pulled out the cork, which had already been drawn.

"Perhaps," cried Mary, "it will do them more good than us: don't you think so, Bentley? I have often heard mamma and papa say that wine was not necessary for children, unless they were ill, and we are none of us ill, are we?"

"No indeed, Miss Mary, and I dare say

the wine would do those two poor boys more good, than any of the rest of the party: suppose you put it to the vote, that after we have each had half a glass in as much water, we give the rest to Frank, with directions to give his brother half a glass daily with his dinner."

"But Bentley, do you not think Frank needs it as much as Tommy does?"

"Not exactly, sir. The little boy is only just getting over a serious illness; a few glasses of wine may help him to recover his strength; now Frank is well enough, but he works too hard, and evidently, from what you all tell me, he feeds his brother only half, but then, that half is at the expense of himself: he is much to be pitied, poor boy, but less work and more food, would be better for him than wine, I should think. They seem very good boys, both of them."

"Yes, and they appear so fond of each other, particularly Frank."

"Oh, Edward! that, I think, is only, because, as eldest, he has to take care of him."

"Yes, Emma, and if you noticed, when Alice helped Tommy, he did not eat until Frank had got his portion; and when Edward handed the plate of bread, Tommy gave his brother the largest piece, though he did not know we had more in the basket for him; and see, there he is, picking away, though I heard Frank tell him he had better go and lie down for an hour: he keeps as close to him all the time as he can; I think that he works very hard, too."

"Perhaps I am mistaken, but shall we follow Bentley's advice about the wine?"

"We need not vote, I suppose that we are all agreed on the subject."

"You are right, Emma, there. Well, as I am the only gentleman of the party, I will pour out the wine. Here, Bentley, is a bumper for you, you are no child."

"Stop, stop, master Edward. Though no child, I do not require more than the half glass, I had rather Tommy had it: here is enough for two."

"Shall we give that to Tommy now? Frank, Tommy, come here quickly."

And he shouted at the top of his voice, but Bentley exclaimed, "No, sir, no, half a glass will be quite enough for so young a boy, particularly when he is not used to it. More might do him serious harm."

"Then divide that with Emma, and I will pour out half a glass for the rest, and a small half glass it will be, I assure you; we shall have the more for Tommy."

"The more the better, and there will be the remains of this mutton also."

"Are they to have that, Alice? Why, that will last them to-morrow, surely."

"It will last them the next three days, master Edward, and make them good meals."

By this time the two Wentworths had returned from the far end of the field. Their wine and water, as well as that of the others, was soon drank; the plates, glasses, knives and forks, &c., all put carefully away, and then they prepared to count over the result of their morning's labour. It turned out that Frank's basket was quite full, Alice's and Tommy's were nearly so, Bentley's not very far behind; but Edward's, Mary's, and

Emma's, were none of them more than half full; and Frank, whose opinion on such matters was of no slight value, assured Bentley that to fill *all* the baskets, large and small, which could alone yield the desired quantity, would occupy all hands at least three hours longer. Frank proposed, as the young ladies and master Edward must be tired, that they should all return home, excepting himself; he could pick another basket very easily, and walk home in the cool of the evening: Tommy he would *rather* should go home in the chair.

"We will all go home altogether!" shouted Edward: "shall we not, Bentley. One basket-full will not make up the quantity, let us all set to work again, how can Frank get the rest of the cowslips otherwise?"

"I will come very early to-morrow, sir, and bring two baskets with me."

"And tire yourself out, as you did two days ago! Let us put it to the vote."

"But Master Edward, if Frank says there are three hours work yet to do, I am afraid we shall not get it done under double

the time; (at any rate, judging from what we have done this morning;) you see, he gathers faster than any of us, and twice as fast as some of the party do."

"But Bentley, of course Frank meant that it would take *us* three hours, did you not Frank? I now feel gay as a lark!" And the eager Edward turned to the boy.

"Yes, sir, I considered that I could fill the two young ladies' baskets, whilst they could gather into the small ones; in the mean time, Tommy can finish filling up his own, and afterwards help you if necessary."

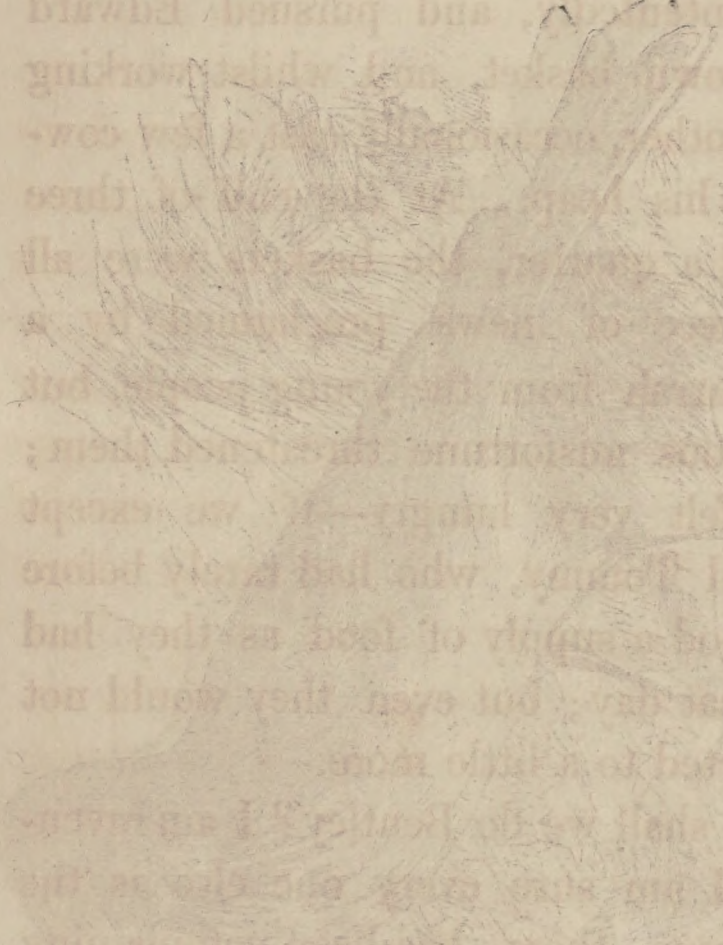
"No, no, I will fill my own as well as Bentley and Alice; now Bentley, are you satisfied? we shall soon have finished."

"Yes, yes, good Bentley, let us stay; dear grandmamma will not mind our being a little late for once, do consent, we *must* finish."

"Yes, indeed, set to work, girls, and then you know, Bentley cannot but follow."

"And thus saying, Edward pushed Emma's and Mary's baskets toward Frank, gave the two little girls the small ones,

"I now feel gay as a lark!"



and walked off with his own, when he immediately began gathering cowslips. The children followed his example, and Bentley, who had wished to stimulate their industry, smiled contentedly, and pursued Edward with her own basket, and whilst working near each other, occasionally cast a few cowslips into his heap. At the end of three hours and a quarter, the baskets were all full—a piece of news proclaimed by a general hurrah from the young people, but now a serious misfortune threatened them; they all felt very hungry—if we except Frank and Tommy, who had rarely before had so good a supply of food as they had enjoyed that day; but even they would not have objected to a little more.

"What shall we do Bentley? I am ravenous, and I am sure every one else is the same; Emma, there, has been complaining this last half-hour."

"Indeed, Master Edward, I scarcely know what to do; I cannot give you meat and wine a second time in one day, nor would you take it if I did, I suppose."

"Why no, you know who the meat and wine are for! but we cannot starve."

"Of course not! Frank, do you know where we can get some nice milk?"

Frank volunteered to call the donkey-boys, and to purchase a loaf of bread, and a pitcher of new milk; and these good things being divided among the party, the donkey-chairs were again loaded, and the joyous party set out on their return home, quite contented with their day's work. On approaching the downs, they saw the flock of sheep, which the next day, through Mrs. Grantham's influence, Tommy was hired to assist the shepherd in watching; his wages were to be eighteen pence a week; was he not happy?

CHAPTER V.

HILST the donkeys are hastening home with their load of cowslips, and their no trifling load of cowslip-gatherers, for even donkeys will sometimes bestir themselves, when a quiet browse on their accustomed common is in prospect, we will just devote a short chapter to informing our young readers how it fortunately came to pass, that Tommy was engaged as shepherd's boy, and that Wilcox told him the news.

Mrs. Grantham had a very kind way of speaking to her poor neighbors; and thus, when possible, they all took pleasure in obliging her. Now it occurred that, as she was stepping across the downs, the

first person she met was old Davy Hopkins, one who, as man and boy, had tended sheep for above sixty years! Aged as he was, he still took care of his master's sheep, but not alone; a faithful dog rendered him great assistance; whilst for several years past, he had had a boy to help him when driving the flock. But within the last few weeks, he had felt he was becoming weaker and weaker; and, in consequence, he was anxious to meet with a boy on whose honesty and energy he could fully depend. He had decided on asking his employer to let him send for a nephew, who had already been assistant shepherd a couple of years to a farmer residing near Bath, for he did not feel equal to giving much instruction; yet, when Mrs. Grantham begged him to try little Tommy, the old man finally consented; for, as he told his good dame in the evening, it was impossible to refuse the kind lady her request, 'she has such a winning way.'

Ah, my little readers, this winning way

which influenced all within Mrs. Grantham's circle, was the effect of real goodness of heart, founded on that true Christian principle of 'whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' My dear young friend, strive to obey this rule in every action of your life; and, by so doing, you will obey one of the most important doctrines taught by our Saviour *Himself*, in His sermon on the mount.

As already stated, Davy yielded to Mrs. Grantham's wish that Tommy should have a trial; but the matter was not yet quite settled; for though there was no reason to suppose that Davy's employer would not be satisfied with anything the old man should approve, yet the affair could not be finally arranged until Mr. Wilson's consent should be obtained, and this could perhaps not be got before the following morning. So, as the arrangement could not be considered as *certain*, Mrs. Grantham decided it was useless naming the subject to the orphans ere

there was no longer a doubt on the subject.

Next evening, old Davy called at Clifton-Hall, and informed Mrs. Grantham of Mr. Wilson's being perfectly willing Tommy should be hired as shepherd's boy. On this intelligence, the benevolent Wilcox offered to fit the boy out with an appropriate dress for his new calling; and in consequence of this, it was settled that he should visit Mrs. Hill's cottage in the course of the following afternoon, and having made Tommy acquainted with the joyful tidings, that he should take him to a place where he could be suited with a set of clothes.

A brisk walk of twenty minutes took the aged butler to Dame Hill's tiny dwelling, and there he was admitted by the object of his benevolence; Frank having insisted on the little fellow's returning home at noon, and leaving him to gather their cowslips. It would be almost impossible to express the delight, not only of Tommy himself, but of the

"A brisk walk of twenty minutes brought the aged Butler to Dame Hill's tiny dwelling, and there he was admitted by the object of his benevolence."

kind old woman with whom he resided; and who, at the moment of Wilcox's entrance, was resting herself by the fire after a hard day's washing, that is, a hard day's washing for Dame Hill!

"Oh! how pleased Frank will be! and then, I shall now be able to do something for a livelihood. Frank will no longer have to work entirely for us both. I shall help him: yes, my good friend, and you too shall have some help. Yes, Frank shall have my first week's wages, and you shall have my second week's wages. Only just think, my own wages!" and little Tommy peeped out of the door between each sentence, to see if Frank was coming, that he might run and impart to him the unexpected news.

The worthy Wilcox enjoyed the sight of all the happiness his message had caused; and, after waiting ten minutes for the chance of the elder brother's return, but seeing no sign of his appearance, he pursued his original intention, and took Tommy to provide him some more decent

clothes; for though the brothers had each of them a tolerably tidy Sunday suit, which they wore on occasion of the dinner in the cowslip field, yet their wardrobe was, at best, rather a scanty one. But, having improved *Master* Tom's "outward man," the kind old butler bethought him of the unsightly jacket and trousers in which poor Frank was first introduced to Clifton-Hall: the result was, that a working-suit was placed in the hands of the happy Tommy, for his elder brother, as a present from Wilcox.

Here ends our short chapter, and we hope our promised explanations may prove both clear and satisfactory to our young readers.

ROSA;

A SEQUEL

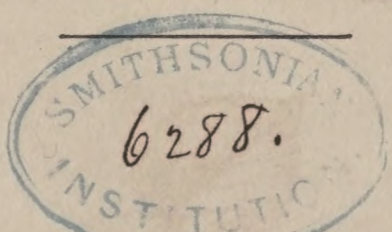
TO

THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.



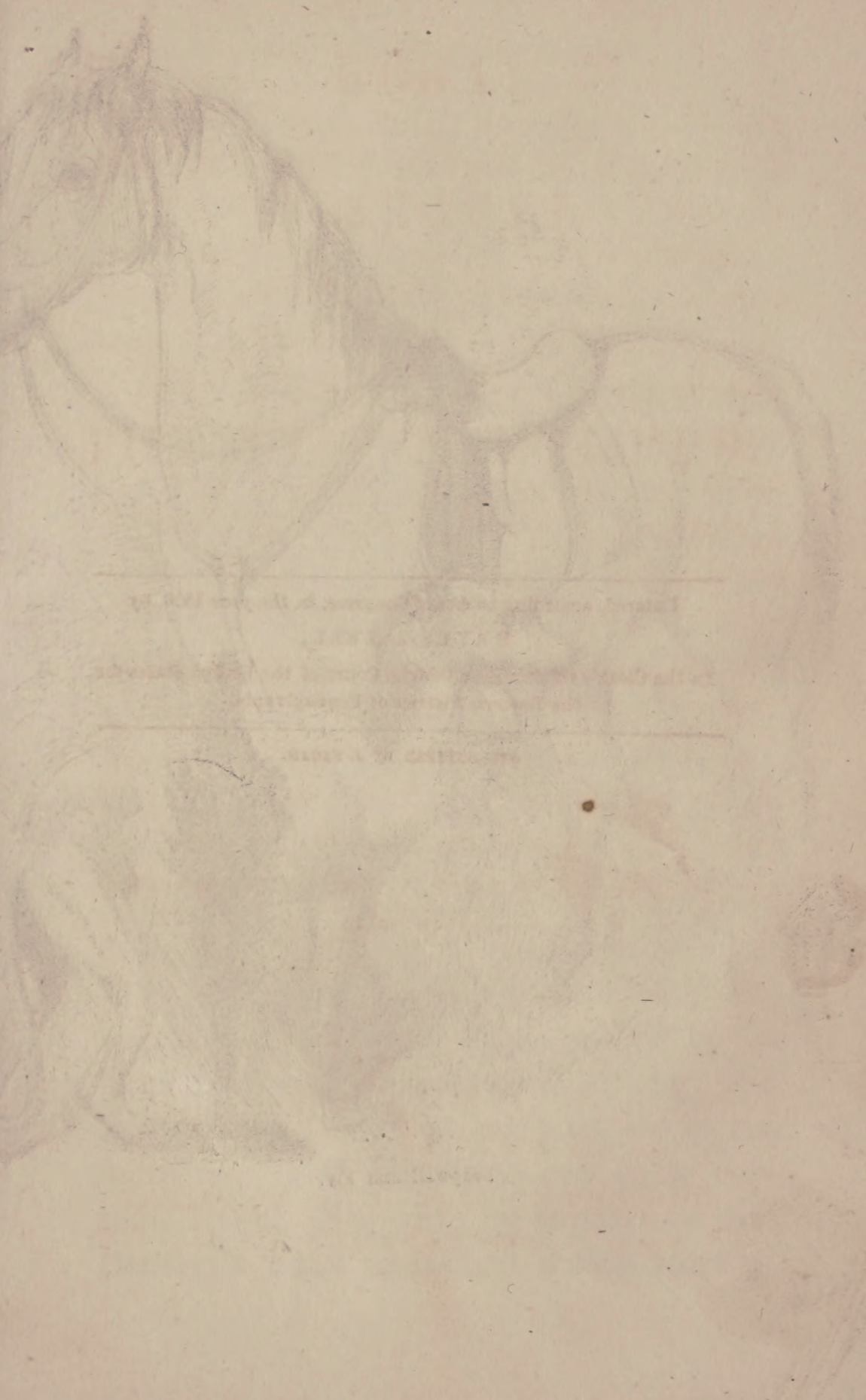
PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by

HAYES & ZELL,

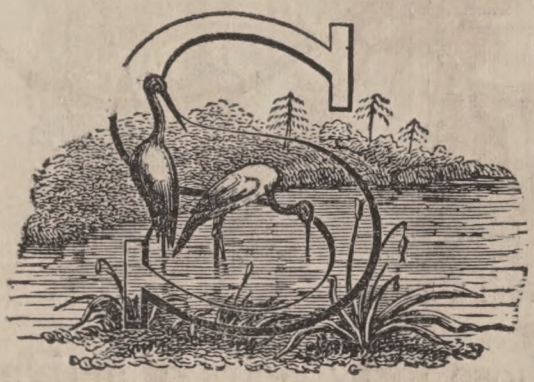
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.



Leapwell and Fly.

CHAPTER I.



SCARCELY had the cowslip party started on their homeward drive, ere they caught a sight of good old Davy in the distance; and as a few passing remarks were made on the honest-hearted shepherd, the speakers little thought how soon Master Tommy would be under his protection.

Alice and her companions had enjoyed a day of uninterrupted happiness; and as they gayly jumped into their donkey-carriages, the children appeared to be as little fatigued in *spirits* as when they had first entered them at half-past six in the morning. But Alice was not quite contented yet! Knowing by experience that Bentley's head contained a rich store of

anecdotes, gleaned from her father, an aged and respected pensioner of Green-

Greenwich Hospital.

wich Hospital, whose forty years of active duty had taken him to almost all parts of the world, Alice decided in her own mind to persuade the good-natured woman that one of these same delightful anecdotes would considerably enliven the drive home. It was in vain that the prudent Mistress Bentley advised their *now* being quiet, that they might get a little rested after such a hard day's work! All quiet was entirely out of the question; and had the soberly disposed donkeys been able to express an opinion, we doubt not but they would have stoutly

maintained that they had never before borne so merry a party. The two carriages kept side by side the whole way; and the children only ceased chattering when Bentley would occasionally entertain them with one of her father's *yarns*.

"Now, Bentley—dear, good Bentley!—we have given you a nice bit of rest: we have not spoken to you for above five minutes! Your tongue must have quite recovered from its fatigue: do you not think you could tell us something more? Just try, good Bentley, to please me!"

"Indeed, Miss Alice, it is no such easy matter to recollect things I have not thought of for years: I will endeavor, however, to remember some little anecdote presently."

"Ah! good Bentley, we have nearly reached the half-way house between the cowslip-field and Clifton!"

"But, Miss Alice, I must have time allowed me to recall to mind what I am to relate——"

"I can perhaps help you; do you not

recollect what an interesting account you gave me last winter of a Dutch boy named Oscar?"

"Oscar — Oscar Meliss. Oh, yes, I recollect; but I told you a great many anecdotes about him. I believe you now know as much regarding that brave and industrious youth, as I do myself, Miss Alice."

"Perhaps so, good Bentley; but in the course of your conversations, you several times mentioned a sister of his. Now, do you not think you could tell us some pretty story concerning that little girl?"

"Ah, the gentle Rosa was kind and affectionate, as her brothers were brave and industrious. Little Rosa was the youngest in the family, and had always been a great pet, not only with her parents, but with every member of this united family. No one had ever heard her sweet voice raised in anger!"

"But, *Mistress* Bentley, surely the little Rosa was sometimes displeased. I—I mean angry?"

"No, Master Edward; Rosa Meliss was never angry. She might sometimes feel hurt at trifling disappointments; nay, on one occasion, a most beautiful doll, sent her by a kind aunt, a wax doll! the first that had ever made its appearance in the village of Westzaan, was broken to pieces through the carelessness of Oscar; but not one angry word, not one angry glance escaped from Rosa, as she beheld the floor covered with the scattered fragments of her treasured doll."

"Poor, poor Rosa! how sorry she must have been! Indeed, Bentley, I think I could not have helped being angry even with my own dear brother Charles, had he been the careless cause of such an accident — to break a beautiful wax doll! Was it a very large one, Bentley?"

"I should suppose not, Miss Alice; but a small one, prettily dressed, would be considered a wonderful beauty in the retired village of Westzaan."

"Did its eyes shut and open, Mrs. Bentley?"

"Yes, Miss Mary. But just look at Bath."

"Beautiful! And its mouth opened?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Mary."

"Indeed, it must have been a pretty doll. I feel more and more surprised that Rosa showed so much indifference to its loss."

"You mistook me, Miss Emma, if you imagined I said the gentle Rosa was indifferent to the greatest loss she had ever experienced! I merely said, she exhibited no anger. She was deeply grieved; in fact, the poor child could not possibly restrain her fast falling tears; but as she covered her face with both hands to conceal the evidence of her sorrow, the pearly drops would force themselves through her tightly closed little fingers, in spite of her earnest endeavors to the contrary."

"And what said Oscar, when he saw Rosa's grief?"

"Though he did not weep—Oscar was ten years old!—yet his affliction, Master Edward, was far more poignant than even

his sister's. He would have given all his most valued treasures, to have seen the demolished doll once more whole, and in the arms of the gentle girl; who, sorely grieved as she was, had no thought of upbraiding her unhappy brother."

"Could he not have purchased another doll?"

"Not a wax one, Miss Emma; and its chief value was in its being made of wax; for as I previously told you, no wax doll had ever before found its way into the quiet village of Westzaan; at least, not in the recollection of the numerous young ones, who hastened in crowds to pay their respects to the *stranger*, as soon as they heard of the beautiful and unexpected present Rosa had received from her kind aunt and godmother."

"And had none of the old people ever seen a wax doll, Bentley?"

"Yes, Miss Alice; there lived in the village an old woman, whose childhood must have been passed some eighty years before the period of which we are speak-

ing; and whose grandmother had held the situation of head-nurse in the family of one of the Princes of Orange; where it had been her good fortune, not only to see several wax dolls, but to obtain an old one, which she had for years treasured as a valuable relic of her former *important* position; and which was considered by all her grandchildren as one of the chief attractions among the several simple pleasures afforded them, by their weekly visits to the good old lady, who never failed to gratify the little visitors with a display of the beautiful wax doll."

"Then, Rosa had heard of a wax doll before she saw one?"

"Yes, Miss Emma; yet she had received but a very faint description of the coveted object. Her grandmother was very young on occasion of these visits to Rosa's great-great-grandmother; and, consequently, retained no very strong remembrance of the *wonderful* sight. However, the little she told her young relative, sufficed to inspire Rosa with a desire to

possess such a beautiful toy; and when it unexpectedly arrived, her joy knew no bounds; whilst all her play-mates were as much rejoiced as herself, that they were at length able to see one of the extraordinary dolls of which they had so frequently heard from the ancient *chronicler* of Westzaan."

"But, Bentley—good Bentley, did Rosa covet a wax doll?"

"She had a very strong desire for one; that is, she felt as though she should be very glad if any person should happen to give her one; but she did not wish to deprive others of their property that she might possess their doll, Master Edward."

"Then, why did you speak as though she coveted one?"

"To covet, means to desire earnestly—to have a strong wish for an object. It also means, to desire *too* earnestly—to have *too* strong a wish for any particular object; now, in speaking of Rosa's coveting a doll, I speak of it in the former sense, Master Edward; whilst—"

"Whilst it is taken in the latter sense, where the tenth commandment tells us, not to covet another man's goods."

"Quite right, Miss Mary. Do you comprehend, Master Edward?"

"Yes. I *now* understand. I was before afraid that little Rosa had forgotten one of the ten commandments."

"Ah, no; so far from forgetting one of the ten commandments, she invariably remembered the *eleventh*."

"The eleventh! Which is that, Mrs. Bentley?"

"Yes, Mary, you may well ask that question. I never heard but of ten commandments!"

"Nor I, either, Alice. Mrs. Bentley, do tell us what you mean. The eleventh commandment?"

"I am sure, Mary has taught me but ten!"

"Then, your sister teaches you your commandments, Master Edward. I think you do her credit; or, perhaps, your

mamma occasionally becomes your instructor?"

"No, *Mistress* Bentley; mamma has not been well for a long time, you know; and when I began learning my catechism, papa said he would prefer Mary's teaching me, to dear mamma's being troubled on the subject. Now, after a good deal of persuasion, mamma consented, on condition that I should learn to repeat each word distinctly; and I promised to say the whole in six months without missing one word."

"And did you succeed?"

"Yes, Alice; but we both of us worked very hard, indeed; I so often forgot! Then, I had to learn it over again; for the bargain was, that I should repeat the catechism by heart, without looking at my book for a week previously."

"I do not see why you should have promised to learn it in six months; why did you not take twelve?"

"Mamma named six, herself."

"I do not see the object of such a short time being allowed. Do you, Bentley?"

"It was enough, Miss Alice."

"Yes; but with very hard work!"

"That was owing to Master Edward's carelessness; had he been very attentive, he would not so easily have forgotten; and thus, still less time would have been necessary than his mamma allowed him."

"But, dear Bentley, do tell us about the eleventh commandment."

"Your grandmamma was reading a few days ago, about a very great man, the celebrated Archbishop Usher. It would appear that he had a narrow escape of his life at sea on one occasion; the account was so interesting, that your grandmamma desired me to read it to her, the print being too small for her eyes. As far as I can remember, the vessel in which he sailed, encountered a severe storm; at any rate, the Archbishop was, when still a young man, wrecked on the coast of Ireland, where he suffered great hardships."

Carrick-a-Rede, on the coast of the County Antrim.

"But, surely, Bentley, any shipwrecked person should have met with ready sympathy; and still more, a clergyman!"

"Unfortunately, Miss Emma, evil-disposed persons frequently try and impose on the charitable, by fictitious accounts of marine disasters; and thus, those who are really suffering from them, do not always obtain the credit to which their tale of distress is entitled. In Archbishop Usher's case, the accident took place on a part of the Irish coast, where neither his person nor his character was known in the slightest degree; and hence, the inhospitable welcome with which he was received."

"And what became of him, good Bentley?"

"Stripped of every thing, and wholly destitute of the means of obtaining a particle of food, he wandered from house to house; till finally, he arrived at the residence of a dignitary of the church, where he earnestly sought shelter and relief, craving assistance from the owner as a brother clergyman! The individual to whom he thus applied was a well-meaning man, but living near the coast, he had been frequently marked out by the designing, as a proper object for deception; both on account of his profession, and because of his charitable character. But repeated frauds had occasioned distrust, the dignitary had at length become suspicious; and on seeing the wretched appearance of the squalid being before him, he doubted his character, and distrusted his tale of the wreck and its terrible results; whilst he assured the Archbishop, that so far from his being a clergyman, he did not believe that he could even tell him how many commandments there were."

"Oh, Bentley, what an assertion to make!"

"You must remember, Miss Alice, how often the good man had been deceived."

"And what did the poor shipwrecked Archbishop say?"

"He at once answered; 'I can immediately satisfy you, that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me to be. There are eleven commandments."

"Ah! there is where you got the idea of your eleven commandments."

"Do not, dear Edward, interrupt Mrs. Bentley; I am so anxious to hear about this eleventh commandment. What did the clergyman reply to that?"

"Why, the Archbishop's answer, Miss Mary, so far from removing the suspicions, confirmed the doubts of the worthy dignitary."

"And what did he say, Mrs. Bentley?"

"He sneeringly answered. 'Indeed, there are but ten commandments in my Bible; but just explain to me the eleventh, and I will certainly relieve you.'

'That is easily done,' said the Archbishop, 'A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.'"

"But, Bentley, good Bentley, this commandment is not with *the ten*. Where do you find it?"

"You will easily find it, Miss Emma, by looking in St. John, chap. 13, verse 34; and in 1 St. John, chap. 2, verse 8.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bentley; and, you say, that Rosa always obeyed this eleventh commandment?"

"Invariably, Miss Emma. Indeed, it appeared as though she was constantly thinking of others instead of considering only herself, as so many children are apt to do; and the consequence was, that she proved an universal favorite among her neighbors and acquaintances, no less than an object of love in the midst of her own immediate family, by every member of which she was almost idolized."

"How many were there in family?"

"Father and mother, Master Edward, in the first place; then, there were two

brothers and the little Rosa; but besides these five, there was an aunt who passed the most of her time with this happy family. The mother being a cripple, and very frequently confined to her bed, liked to have aunt Louisa staying with them; for the affectionate daughter, though kind and attentive as possible, was yet very young; whilst the presence of this active and good-natured kinswoman, was a great comfort to the whole party, but more especially to her gentle niece, who loved aunt Louisa almost as much as she did her parents."

"Then, the little Rosa had no sister?"

"No, Miss Alice; she often wished for one; but contented herself after her tenth year, with calling her cousin Agatha, by the endearing name of sister."

"Then, she could not do without a sister."

"No, Miss Emma; poor Rosa often said, 'had I a sister, I would be so kind to her. I would oblige her in every possible way, were she older than I; and,

were she younger, I would pet her, and take care of her, and not spoil her; but I would try by kindness to make her love me with all her heart; whilst I would teach her every thing dear mother has taught me.'"

"And, whose child was Agatha?"

"Aunt Louisa's, Master Edward."

"And where was her father, Bentley?"

"Dead, Miss Emma."

"Was Agatha older or younger than Rosa, Mrs. Bentley?"

"She was younger, Miss Emma."

"They would be nice playmates."

"Yes, Master Edward; and, fortunately, her arrival took place soon after the destruction of the wax doll."

"Oscar might have given Rosa one of his playthings."

"He presented her, Master Edward, with a live squirrel."

"A live squirrel! of his own catching?"

"It was, Master Edward. The poor boy was so grieved at the result of his carelessness, that for days he racked his

"He presented her with a live Squirrel."

brain, thinking how he could repair the evil. At length it crossed his mind, that a pretty lively squirrel would be just the thing to make Rosa forget her loss. From that moment, he set a trap which should secure him the desired object; and one bright morning, his pains were rewarded by the sight of a beautiful captive."

"How delighted he must have been!"

"And Rosa too, Mary."

"Brother and sister were both as pleased as it was possible for good children to be; and when Rosa observed the active little creature—one minute nibbling a nut with its sharp tiny teeth, the next, whirling round its circular cage with a speed approaching that of lightning—the wax doll was completely forgotten."

"Never to be remembered again, I should think."

"But, Edward, she could not carry a squirrel about, as she could her wax doll."

"Granted, Emma; yet think how tame the little thing would become, through the kind treatment of the gentle Rosa."

CHAPTER II.

"GOOD Bentley, the evening is very fine."

"Delightfully clear and pleasant, Miss Alice."

"You do not feel much fatigued, now?"

"Not very much, Miss Alice. I have had a good rest; and, indeed, I suppose we all feel the better for this cool and refreshing drive."

"Yes, good Bentley, I am sure I do; and the girls there, look as merry as possible; whilst the boys—the boys—at least, Edward, whispered me just now, to try and persuade you, good Bentley, to tell us another story."

"Indeed, Miss Alice, I am not made of stories."

"Now, dear good Bentley, do you not

remember that last Monday you were going to tell me something about a boy named Lam—Lambert? Grandmamma calling me to walk with her, prevented your telling me more than the name: I dare say his history is an interesting one. Just try, good Bentley, and recollect it for our benefit!"

"Lambert? Lambert? ah! I think I remember about him. Lambert was his Christian name."

"Oh! I thought that had been his surname?"

"No, Miss Alice, *Meliss* was his surname."

"And what about him, good Bentley?"

"He was remarkable for his filial intrepidity, Miss Alice."

"Just relate us some proof of it: I am certain we shall all of us feel so much obliged to you. You can tell us what I was to have heard the other day; and—and as much more as you like to say!"

"Thank you, Miss Alice, for your very kind permission! However, I will for

the present confine myself to giving you a trait of his character which has rendered his name celebrated in our days, and which at the time justly raised him to wealth and honor."

"Is it the same anecdote you had intended telling me last Monday?"

"Yes, miss, the very same. Boys, try and keep the carriages close abreast of each other; and you, children, must keep as quiet as mice, or you will not hear me, and I cannot repeat. You must pay attention, and listen without chattering, whilst I tell you about Lambert Meliss."

"Thanks, thanks, good Mistress Bentley! Proceed. We are all quite still, and we will be as silent as possible."

"I trust to your keeping all quiet, Master Edward. Not another word, if you please, unless you wish to ask some question concerning what you hear: it is very disagreeable for persons to act as though they were not attending, when people speak to them—very disagreeable

indeed! So I must again beg you to listen quietly, whilst I relate a true instance of

FILIAL INTREPIDITY.

"In the year 1574, the Spaniards, who were at that time most inveterate enemies of the Dutch, made an incursion into North Holland."

"Did your father tell you the story, good Bentley?"

"Yes, Miss Alice: he heard the account when he made his last trip: he became acquainted with a Dutchman——"

"Then it is a true anecdote?"

"Yes, Miss Emma; at least, as far as I believe, it was told my father as a truth; and I have since read it in print, where it is given as a well-authenticated fact."

"Thank you, good Bentley: I do like true stories."

"As I was saying, Miss Alice, the Dutch were invaded by the Spaniards; and as the latter approached a village called Westzaan, the terrified inhabitants

—men, women, and children—took to flight; at least all those did who were not prevented by age and infirmity from taking this prudent measure."

"But, surely, warriors would never have thought of harming women and children? nor men neither, I should think."

"Ah, Master Edward, when the blood gets hot, it is impossible to say what men will do. Many a town has been sacked and the inhabitants put to the sword by a hostile army——"

"But little children, good Bentley! little babies!—surely you are mistaken —surely no man would kill a baby!"

"I am afraid, Miss Mary, there are but too many men who would not hesitate to kill all who came in their way—often for the mere pleasure of destruction! War is a fearful state: the sight of blood ever before the eyes, is too apt to deaden the better traits and to rouse the baser passions of mankind. Individuals thus situated, amidst the din of arms, frequently

wholly change their characters; and from being mild and humane, become fierce and cruelly disposed."

"I could never have believed soldiers would kill babies!"

"And perhaps when *cool* they would not do so, Master Edward; nay, would perhaps feel nearly as indignant and horrified at the mere thought of such a crime as you feel at this moment! But when habituated to scenes of bloodshed, their kindly feelings become blunted; and this change you may see in boys, as well as in men."

"Oh! Bentley, Bentley, boys will not kill people!"

"They may not kill persons, Master Edward, but when they exchange the society of the virtuous for that of the wicked, they gradually become altered in character, until they finally resemble their new associates; and the crimes, the mere contemplation of which would have formerly filled them with horror, no longer appear in their true light."

"But, Bentley, some of my play-fellows do what my papa and mamma forbid me to do; yet, I never follow their example."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, *Mistress* Bentley; you never hear me call bad names, as—as Dick; but papa says, I ought not to expose a boy's faults unnecessarily; so I will not mention him."

"I quite believe you would not be guilty of speaking bad words; at least, not now."

"Not now! I say, never!"

"About five weeks ago I was in your nursery, when I heard you telling your mamma, how shocking it was to hear your little cousin contradict his sister and brother; and, I was pleased to hear your mamma say, she was glad you had not that bad habit; whilst she expressed a hope you would not follow it, at the mere thought of which you felt insulted. Yesterday, I passed near, when you and two of your cousins were flying their kite—in less than three minutes, you flatly contradicted them four times!"

CHAPTER III.

"BUT, Bentley, Henry was so provoking; and—and Frances, also, she persisted in repeating his words; indeed—"

"Indeed, Master Edward, whatever provocation you might have received, I do not believe it would have induced you thus to contradict your little cousins five weeks ago."

"But what made him do so yesterday, Mrs. Bentley, do you think?"

"I know of but one reason, Miss Emma; since his cousins' arrival here, he and they have been very much together; they meet on an average for three or four hours daily —time enough to acquire any bad habit."

"Mistress Bentley is right, I believe. Papa and mamma always say that evil companions are almost certain to corrupt their associates, no matter how naturally good they may be. Remember, Edward, what a nice boy Howard Thornton was, until he passed day after day with the Turners. He is a changed lad since then, and neither papa nor mamma like us to play or converse with him. He used to be so kind and gentle to every breathing thing; now, he strikes his younger brothers, he torments his sisters, he troubles the servants, he is proud to the poor, and not always respectful to his parents."

"Mary, Mary, how severe you are!"

"No, Emma: that which I have been saying about Howard is not what I think of him; at least, I am not certain I should have thought it of him, had it not been for papa's description of him the other night, when we wanted him to spend half his holidays here, and papa objected."

"He is certainly a different boy since

he went so much to those Turners: I hope he will never be as bad as they are."

"It is to be hoped not, Miss Emma; but when once a person gets evil associates, it is very difficult to break off the intimacy; and as the heart is naturally inclined to evil, the corrupt are far more likely to lead the good astray, than it is probable that the virtuous will influence the wicked to forsake their ways."

"But soldiers are not all bad, Bentley?"

"Far from it, Master Edward; but a camp or a battle-field will necessarily offer many evil examples, when the *weak* may swerve from the right path, and the man who once stepped aside lest he should wound an insect, now dreads not to send a human soul into eternity; and children, Master Edward, who, by corrupt associates, are brought into constant communion with evil, not only cease to take pleasure in virtue, but they too soon learn to love vice. However, to return to Lambert, who, when the village of Westzaan

poured forth its alarmed inhabitants, found himself in a situation of the greatest distress and difficulty."

"What age was he, good Bentley?"

"That I cannot exactly say; but he is described as a mere boy; so I imagine he could not have been very old. Lambert's father was an upright man, who led a very religious life, and obeyed the laws of his country: to the education of his boy, he had devoted a great portion of his time: even when quite a child, the little Lambert had been accustomed to accompany his father into the fields, where the latter, in the simple language suitable to a child's understanding, would teach his little one, through lessons drawn from the works of nature, the existence of a God!—the love of a heavenly Father!"

"But did Lambert like such conversations?"

"Oh yes: his father made it interesting to him, by speaking of what the little boy could easily comprehend—just as your

grandmamma, Miss Alice, adapts her explanations to your understanding."

"Ah, but grandmamma is such a very pleasant companion! If we take a walk in the country, or even on the downs, we are certain to see something from which grandmamma draws some useful information for my benefit; and then, so many amusing anecdotes as I have heard during my visit here! My brother Charles feared I should be melancholy, staying three months in a house without mamma and papa, or any of the children; but though I should have loved dearly to have had them with me, I have not felt a dull moment since my arrival."

"Your grandmamma has a delightful way of entertaining children; and, indeed, I may say she is a general favorite with all ages: her mind is so well stored with what she has both seen and read, that I have heard her compared to a 'living book of universal knowledge.' Lambert's father was a very different personage: he was a man of plain education and plain

manners; and having resided the greater portion of his life in the quiet village of Westzaan, he had had but little opportunity of getting acquainted with much beyond his own immediate neighborhood; yet he had wisely profited by all he had seen; and thus he could make himself not only an useful, but an agreeable companion. The sky, the clouds, the rain, hail, or snow, indeed, everything animate or inanimate, was in turn the subject of his observation, and the indirect means of leading his thoughts towards the goodness of the Almighty."

"What do you mean by 'indirect means,' good Bentley?"

"Your uncle sent you a beautiful work-

Chinese Barges.

box from China last Christmas. When you use it or look at it, of whom do you most generally think, Miss Mary?"

"Oh, Bentley!—of course I never, or at least very rarely, see my uncle's magnificent present, without thinking of the giver. Do you know, a lady who has passed many years in China, told me, last week, that my box was one of the most elegant ones she had ever seen."

"Your work-box is the indirect means of drawing your thoughts towards your uncle."

"Ah! now I comprehend; and Lambert's father——"

"Saw God in all the works of nature!"

"But, Mrs. Bentley, *I* see the sky and clouds, the birds and the insects, yet they do not make me think of God!"

"And, Master Edward, you get your food and clothing regularly, but you do not often think from whom you receive them."

"Oh! my food and clothes are given me by dear papa and mamma. Mamma

buys them for me, and papa gives her the money. So mamma told me."

"And you are so accustomed to receive them, that their being given you excites not the least attention, nor the slightest feeling of gratitude! Thus it is with many of the blessings vouchsafed us by Providence: we are so *accustomed* to them, that they fail to impress us with a thought of the Divine Donor."

"But, Mrs. Bentley, does not this forgetfulness prove that people are naturally very ungrateful?"

"I do not like to think so badly of human nature, Miss Emma—people are naturally very thoughtless. Hence, I hope that is the main reason of their so frequently seeming ungrateful."

"I should not like to be guilty of even seeming ingratitude; and yet, now you remind me of the fact, I do not often think of all I daily receive from my papa and mamma."

"We have not time, at present, to enumerate the many acts of kindness and

affection for which you are indebted to your parents: they are, however, numberless, Miss Emma."

"I cannot understand how children should be so thankless."

"Like grown people, they too readily take as a matter of course, or as a right, what is in reality only a favor and a gift. When your mamma takes you out in the carriage, you think not of being obliged; when your bread and milk appears on the breakfast-table, you partake of it as though your own power had placed it before you; whilst a new shoe supersedes an old one with as little ceremony! This, my dears, is mainly owing to your never having felt the want of either carriage, food, or clothes."

"Then, Bentley, perhaps you think that Frank and Tommy, who have been in less fortunate circumstances than ourselves, are more likely to feel grateful for any kindness they may receive."

"Yes, Miss Alice, so I think. I believe if Mrs. Hill were to have an excellent

fire for them this evening, they would feel very grateful; but had they been accustomed to a well-filled grate, when required, they would probably pay as little attention to the cheerful welcome, as some young people do, with whom I happen to be just *slightly* acquainted."

"Ah, you are jesting now, good Bentley; you mean *us;* but, indeed, I feel very much annoyed if there is not a good blazing fire on a cold day; and I suppose others would be the same. Should not you, Emma?"

"Oh, yes, Alice; I know not what we should do without a cheerful blaze on winter evenings."

"I dare say you would feel its absence very much; but in nine instances out of ten, you would not think of its presence. But here we are at the second toll-gate; Master Edward must pay, as he holds the purse; be quick, sir; we are keeping that waggoner waiting, and he looks tired after his hard day's work."

CHAPTER IV.

"

do not think I kept that old man long. Did I, *Mistress* Bentley?"

"No, sir; and I doubt not, that he would have have felt grateful for your consideration, had he known you hastened your movements on his account. From his own appearance, as well as that of his horses, I should imagine they have travelled a very long distance."

"But, I wish he had known I paid quickly to please him; half the benefit is lost, if one's good actions are unknown."

"If good actions are unknown to individuals, or pass unnoticed, half the pleasure may be lost, but not half the benefit, Master Edward."

"Mrs. Bentley, I have been thinking that you are mistaken, I should feel as grateful for kindness as Frank or Tommy; at least, I think so."

"*They*, Miss Alice, would feel grateful to Mrs. Hill, for a good supper to-night. Am I not right, Frank? Would you not feel excessively grateful to the good dame? — whilst Miss Alice here will take her cup of milk and piece of bread without a thought of being particularly grateful to any one!"

"Frank does not answer!"

"But Frank knows I speak the truth: do you not, my boy? Master Edward appears to believe that you and I think differently on this subject."

"I cannot say anything about Miss Alice: all I know is, that were a good supper to be given me, I should feel *very* grateful."

"And to whom, my good boy?"

"To the person who should generously give it me; and also to my only Parent, for thus having put it into the heart of any one to befriend an orphan boy."

View of the City of Bath.

"Cultivate such admirable feelings, my good boy; you will then never want for friends."

"But, Mrs. Bentley, I am afraid you are forgetting about the youth Lambert. You were saying he had been so well instructed by his father."

"Yes, Miss Emma; he could not have had a superior religious and moral education, had he been the Prince of Wales, instead of being, as he was, the son of an humble inhabitant of Westzaan."

"And you said he was celebrated for his filial intrepidity?"

"Yes, Miss Emma; his name is well known at Horn, a large sea-port of North Holland."

"Then, do please tell us about him?"

"Being the eldest in the family, and some years older than either brother or sister, the little Lambert was a frequent companion of his father; whose occupations took him out a great deal into the open air; thus, the boy early acquired a degree of strength, both of mind and

body, far beyond his years. At the time of the Spanish invasion, it happened that aunt Louisa and Agatha, who had grown a fine young woman, were absent on a visit. As Lambert was supporting the feeble steps of his aged father, with a care and affection equal to that which the parent had at an earlier period displayed, when instructing the opening mind of the now stalwart youth, he suddenly heard sounds of the dreaded enemy. A hasty but searching glance, confirmed his worst fears! The Spaniards were at hand! He at once placed his companion under the care of Oscar and Rosa, bidding them set forth with the other fugitives. He then occupied himself with the safety of his remaining parent. This event occurred in the middle of winter, when all the waters are locked up by impenetrable ice. There were none of those sledges within reach, which the Hollanders use in this inclement season; the youth, therefore, placed his afflicted parent on a small settee, and thus dragged her over the ice, with

"As Lambert was supporting the feeble steps of his aged Father, with a care and affection equal to that which

the Parent had, at an earlier period, displayed when instructing

the speed of lightning. Notwithstanding his swiftness, the Spaniards got some hint of a supposed booty; found the track, and followed with the utmost celerity, in the hope of seizing an inestimable prize.

"Meliss, seeing the enemy in close pursuit, resolved on hiding his charge and himself in some adjacent reeds. But in vain was this precaution. The soldiers discovered them immediately; when the prize turned out to be a helpless parent and a dutiful child!

"However much disappointed in their expectation, they were yet most sensibly touched at this instance of filial affection. Too poor themselves to reward the youth, they showed their admiration of his conduct by avoiding to give these fugitives the slightest molestation; they returned, more astonished than disappointed. Lambert having thus escaped the dangers that threatened him, again grasped the cord with which he drew the vehicle along; and pursued his course till he reached a considerable town called Horn, where he

vainly hoped to find the rest of the family. He was admitted at the western gate of the city; and there his heroism and his filial duty soon became the universal theme of conversation.

"The mayor and aldermen of Horn considered the youth's conduct so meritorious, that, in commemoration of so noble a deed, and to excite all other children—under similar circumstances—to imitate his example, they caused a stone to be placed on the top of the western gate, representing a young man dragging an aged woman over the ice, precisely as that event had occurred; and beneath the figures a suitable inscription was cut, which was very lately to be seen.

"Thus far did the civil power reward this amiable child. But Providence had more in reserve for him. No long time elapsed, ere the whole family were again united, when they decided on remaining at Horn, where a succession of fortunate incidents enabled Lambert Meliss to enjoy all the comforts of life. He married most

advantageously, and left a numerous family; some of whom, at the time of this account being given my father, filled the most respectable and the most lucrative offices under the government of Horn."

"Should I ever feel inclined to be ungrateful to my dear parents, I hope the recollection of Lambert Meliss may cross my mind!"

"I hope it may, Miss Alice, should such an event occur. But here we are at the gate."

CHAPTER V.

N their return, they found Mrs. Grantham had been busy. She had paid an early visit to Dame Hill, where all she had heard of Frank, was in his praise—his dutiful affection to his poor mother, during her short widowhood—his almost parental care and devotion to his delicate brother—and his gratitude to the only being on earth who had befriended the helpless orphans, had so won the heart of the old woman, that she never wearied of repeating his good actions.

"Indeed ma'am, he is the very best boy that ever was; there, only lately, when his brother fell ill, he would watch over him at nights just as though he had been Tommy's mother! and he would not forget me either, but would come to my bed-side half-a-dozen

Frank reading his Bible.

times before the morning, to see if he could give me any help; but little, he or any one else could do for the benefit of a rheumatic old woman!"

"He appears almost as delicate as his brother," observed Mrs. Grantham.

"Ah, that is only since he has worked so hard, to try and afford Tommy better food than formerly; and then, to see the two poor things trying to persuade each other to eat! Frank pretending he has had enough, whilst Tommy does not like to take the food, believing, (I fancy the truth,) that his brother leaves it on his account. Sometimes, they have scarcely had a bit of bread for a couple of days; when if they get an old crust, Frank will soak it, and put a bit of salt with it, to make it palatable for his brother. Theirs has been a hard fate so far, indeed, and I now much fear that Tommy will not recover his strength; should he die, I think his poor brother will never survive the loss."

Such was the character which was given of Frank to Mrs. Grantham; and this kind

lady lost no time in exerting her influence to improve the condition of the two little orphans. Before the return of the cowslip gatherers, arrangements had been made with Farmer Wilson for Tommy, who was to be assistant shepherd, till he should be old enough to learn a trade; whilst several friends of the benevolent applicant, stimulated by the representations of Mrs. Grantham, had given large orders for cowslips; and our young readers may believe, that during the following twelve months there was no scarcity of cowslip wine in Clifton.

At the end of the cowslip season, Frank appeared before his kind benefactors, and produced forty-eight shillings, the result of his industry. Mrs. Grantham had expected him, and had given Alice leave to invite her little play-fellows to tea; the children had saved up twelve shillings amongst them, which they now added to Frank's fortune; when this latter, respectfully asked to be advised as to how he had best apply so large a sum for the mutual benefit of his brother and himself.

"I do not see that there is any necessity of sharing these three pounds with Tommy, he is provided for at present; when old enough to be bound out to a trade, I will myself advance the money which may then be required; trusting to his returning it me, whenever he shall be able: all that he can want in the mean time, is a little more food and clothing than his wages will obtain him; but you will best procure him these articles, by applying your money to obtain some profitable employment for yourself; have you thought on the subject?"

"Yes, ma'am; I thought of purchasing fruit for a stall, and trying my luck in that way: I know some persons who make a good deal of money from the sale of apples, cherries, pears, &c. I also thought of buying a number of baskets or brooms, and taking them round the country, but I like neither plan: I do not understand much about fruit, and I fear I might lose a great part of my earnings, before I should acquire the requisite information: whilst the selling brooms or baskets through the country, is a

kind of wandering life, which, though it would prove any thing but disagreeable, as far as regards myself, yet it must inevitably lead me much from home, and as Tommy takes his breakfast and supper at home, besides dining and spending his sunday afternoons with us, I do not like to be absent more than I can help."

"But does not your brother go to the sunday school, and to church?"

"We, both of us used to go to church twice on sundays, and also to the school; but now Tommy is engaged every sunday morning; but he has the afternoons to himself, when he always goes to church; and on our return home, he or I, read the Bible to our kind old friend, or learn a psalm or a hymn, we both know our catechism perfectly, and hitherto I have attended sunday school regularly; but should I accompany old Peter in his selling expeditions through the country, I may not always get back on saturdays, and though I can always go to church, wherever I may be, yet I fear I shall have to give up the sunday school,

which would prove a serious loss both to Tommy and myself; for now, I instruct him during the evenings, in whatever I have learnt on the sunday."

"An excellent plan! and we must try and contrive that it should be continued—have you ever driven a donkey? there are numbers about."

"Yes, ma'am; Will Spears was ill not very long ago, and I drove his donkey-chair for a whole week; his master said, I only wanted a little practice to make me a very good driver, and regretted he could not employ me."

"Supposing you were to purchase a donkey and chaise, do you think you could manage to keep them clean and tidy?"

"Certainly ma'am, if I had the means; but though the donkey would feed partly on the downs, yet in cold weather, it could not pick up much: I have no shelter for it, or the chaise, nor would three pounds buy both, as well as the harness, though I were to get a second-hand chaise."

"But I am so pleased with all I have heard of your character, and with all I have

seen of your conduct, that I am willing to aid you in any plan that you may adopt to better yourself—your three pounds will go far towards buying a good donkey I should think, would it not?"

"Oh ma'am, I can purchase an excellent one for two pounds five."

"Then you will have fifteen shillings remaining to buy my little poney-chaise, it is very light, and I am willing to let you have it a bargain, as I think you will make a good use of it. The harness, you had better have new: I will order it to day, and you must pay me its cost by small portions. Now this scheme will enable you to keep at home, where I will order the carpenter to put up a cheap shed for your chaise and donkey in very bad weather.....No more thanks, my little man—in assisting two young orphans, I am only doing my duty; whilst your own admirable conduct, renders the obligation a sincere pleasure. You are now reaping the reward of virtue—go and inform Tommy of your good fortune—a good fortune which I hope may prove of advantage

to you both; I saw him a few minutes since with his sheep on the downs: here, take these two rolls, you can give him one of them."

"But Mrs. Grantham, may he not stay one moment, until I give him mamma's message; I am sure it will please him so much, and you too, and Alice, will be glad to hear of the good luck in store for him: I was just going to inform you of it, when Frank came in, and we have been so busy since, that I had nearly forgotten to mention it at all."

"That would have been a pity, indeed, Mary, but what is your message, dear?"

"My uncle, Major Bradshaw, has requested mamma to engage a person to clean Robert's pony every night and morning, and in fine weather it must be saddled and bridled before breakfast. Aunt Fanny presented it to him, on his birth-day, on condition that he rides it every day, if the weather admits of his doing so; poor Robert has been very ill, and his papa and mamma think he does not get out enough in the fresh air. It is quite a little creature, my cousin writes us, but then it requires to be

taken care of, just as if it were a big horse, you know. Now mamma thought Frank could rub it down and feed it quite as well as any one else, as she understands he is so steady and trustworthy. They return from London on Friday next, when Frank must be in attendance, unless his donkey and chaise should prevent his undertaking the care of little Leapwell, and Robert's dog, Fly."

"No, miss, no, I am only too glad to do anything—I might be out driving, I did not remember this. It is unfortunate: what had I better do, ma'am?"

"First let us hear at what time you would be wanted, then we can decide."

"I do not think there need be any difficulty about the time. My uncle's gardener, mamma said, can saddle the pony, should Robert require it at any moment when Frank might be elsewhere; all that this latter would necessarily have to do, would be to attend to master Leapwell night and morning. A few minutes are easily found."

"Yes, Mary dear, but would they be the

right minutes? that is the question, for perhaps Frank might be driving, when he ought to be attending to the toilet of master Leapwell. What do you think, love? for it is better the boy should lose a job, than break an engagement."

"But mamma said she would explain matters to uncle Bradshaw, who is very kind-hearted, and we all believe that he will employ Frank if possible, even though it should be at some slight inconvenience."

"Please ma'am, it is not very likely that I should be out with my donkey-chair late, and if it should occur, I am sure the gardener would kindly rub down Master Bradshaw's pony for me, if the Major would allow him to do so."

"Then you know Major Bradshaw's gardener, do you?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; I often help him to water his plants of an evening, and he has occasionally given me a threepenny piece for weeding or picking up stones."

"Well children, then I think we have done all we can at present do, towards

making Frank and Tommy comfortable; the rest, must depend on themselves: and let me observe, that their present good fortune, is, under Providence, wholly owing to their own excellent conduct; and more especially to that of Frank, who as the elder, has set an admirable example to his brother, which this latter has not been slow to follow. You, my dear child," pursued Mrs. Grantham, addressing Frank, "have indeed followed the precepts of the gospel; you have proved yourself, and that under the most trying circumstances, a parent to the orphan! for young as you are, your brother has found in you, through your kindness, consideration and industry, both a father and a mother! Pray to God that you may continue in the course you have began, and doubt not but the blessing of our Heavenly Father will ever attend you; whilst your endeavours to obtain a virtuous independence, will, as in the present instance, be assisted by friends whom He provides you; or should it be His pleasure that you should be disappointed in your

hopes, be certain, that He will not forsake you, but that His Holy Spirit will comfort you in whatever troubles you may have to bear—and you, my dear children, never forget that even a *child* can please God, by loving its neighbour as well as itself! During the last few weeks, you have each of you, in different ways, sacrificed SELF, for the benefit of others. True, the sacrifice has not been great—opportunities for *great* sacrifices are of rare occurrence, whilst *trifling* ones, can be made frequently; and these, you have fortunately been enabled to make, and with a cheerfulness which I hope will increase as future occasions may present themselves for its exercise. By a little self-denial, children may often influence the happiness of others to a degree, of which, in their early age, they can themselves, form no just estimate; but when, *unselfishly*, they yield their own interest or their own pleasure, for the interest or the pleasure of another, they may ever feel assured, that they are following at an humble distance, the example of their Lord and Saviour.

Mrs. Grantham and the children having wished Frank good night, this latter hastened home that he might communicate to Tommy and their friend, the joyful tidings that henceforth he should be able to provide for himself and Dame Hill, whilst he might at the same time add a trifle to his brother's small earnings, and thus provide him with a few additional comforts. Never had the three passed a pleasanter evening together, nor did they at its close, forget to thank their Heavenly Father, for having provided them such kind friends as they had lately found.

The following day, Frank purchased his donkey, being advised in his selection of one by Will Spears, and the next evening the shed was completed, and the little chaise was removed to its new quarters. Frank gave great satisfaction to Master Bradshaw, whose pony was kept in the best order; it is true, Frank could not always be on the spot to saddle Leapwell, but the gardener was always ready to do any thing to assist the good-natured boy, who had so often helped him to water his plants of an evening. Frank be.

came one of the teachers in the Sunday school he had so long attended as a scholar; whilst neither he nor Tommy ever omitted going to church, unless *unavoidably* prevented.

In the course of four or five years, Frank by his civility and industry, had contrived to amass money sufficient to apprentice himself to a cabinet maker; and so admirably has he conducted himself since his apprenticeship, that his master has promised to give him a share in the business, when he shall have served out his time.

Tommy remained as assistant shepherd for three years, when Mrs. Grantham requiring a boy, she kindly engaged him, and he is now learning his business under an excellent man who has for many years been Mrs. Grantham's head gardener, and who has promised that, should Tommy continue as attentive and industrious as he has been hitherto, he shall be fit in a couple more years to take entire charge of Major Bradshaw's garden; as his present gardener is getting too old for the situation.

Dame Hill is as happy as any good old woman can possibly be; she mends and washes for Frank and Tommy; cooks their meals for them, and always has a nicely swept room against their return, after they have finished their day's work. Were they her own sons, they could not be more attentive than they are, to obtain for their kind old friend, all the comforts her age and infirmities require. Before going out in the morning, Frank gets her whatever water she may want during his absence, whilst Tommy never fails to bring in the little fuel she may require. Nor are *any* of their kind friends forgotten; indeed, when Alice last paid a visit to Clifton, Frank presented her with a beautiful little mahogany box, the work of his own hands; and a new flower pot, containing a very fine rose, was Tommy's acceptable gift to the delighted Hayworths.

The little Hayworths were so much pleased at the successful result of their *first* savings, that they have continued to set apart a portion of their pocket money, in order to help their poor and necessitous neigh-

bors. Two families have already benefited from their charitable contributions; and when last I spent an evening in their society, I heard them discussing a point on which there appeared to be much difference of opinion.

Edward thought they should do more good by giving the seventeen shillings they had saved, to a lame man who wished to purchase toys for a stall; whilst Emma and Mary had set their hearts on relieving a poor woman, whose husband was just dead, and whose young and helpless children were very badly off for food and clothing. Mr. and Mrs. Hayworth being from home, my advice was requested, and that I might be able to form a clear judgment on the subject, I was taken to visit both the parties in question.

It was very hard to decide which of the two stood in most need of the assistance my kind little companions were so anxious to offer, but seeing that the widow's recent loss had raised her up several unexpected friends, whilst poor Joe Thomson's sudden lameness seemed to have created less sympathy, I could not but decide in favor of

Edward's wishes; advising that the toys should be purchased with the money now in hand, when, in case the widow's present friends should tire of affording her requisite help, the *next* savings of these benevolent young people could be devoted to Mrs. Meekim; and to this counsel the girls cheerfully yielded, and the more gladly, that their brother proposed only *half* the money should be *given* to Joe, the remainder being considered as a loan, which he was to return by small portions.

Alice puts her savings also to a good use, but I understand from her grandmamma, whom I frequently visit, that she spends them in a different manner from her young friends, the Hayworths. Mrs. Grantham tells me that two little girls and a boy owe their schooling to the generosity of her favorite grandchild. The example this good child sets to her brothers and sisters, has likewise been the means of inducing them to follow so excellent a pattern, and, as they are older than Alice, they are often possessed of much more money, and are thus more

able than she is, to aid the needy and afflicted. As I intend paying their parents a visit during the present year, I may perhaps tell my little readers something more about this happy family, more especially regarding Spencer Mount, whose sweet temper, engaging manners, and excellent principles, render him the favorite among his play-fellows, as well as among his brothers and sisters.

No one for an instant ever thinks of doubting an assertion made by Spencer Mount! And then, is a poor neighbour in want, from whom is he more likely to meet with the aid required, than from Master Spencer? who would deprive himself of any gratification, to secure the welfare and happiness of a fellow-creature.

As I think my young readers, would perhaps like to hear farther of this same Spencer Mount, I may probably gratify their curiosity on some future occasion.

MAMMA'S BUDGET

OR

DAILY READINGS

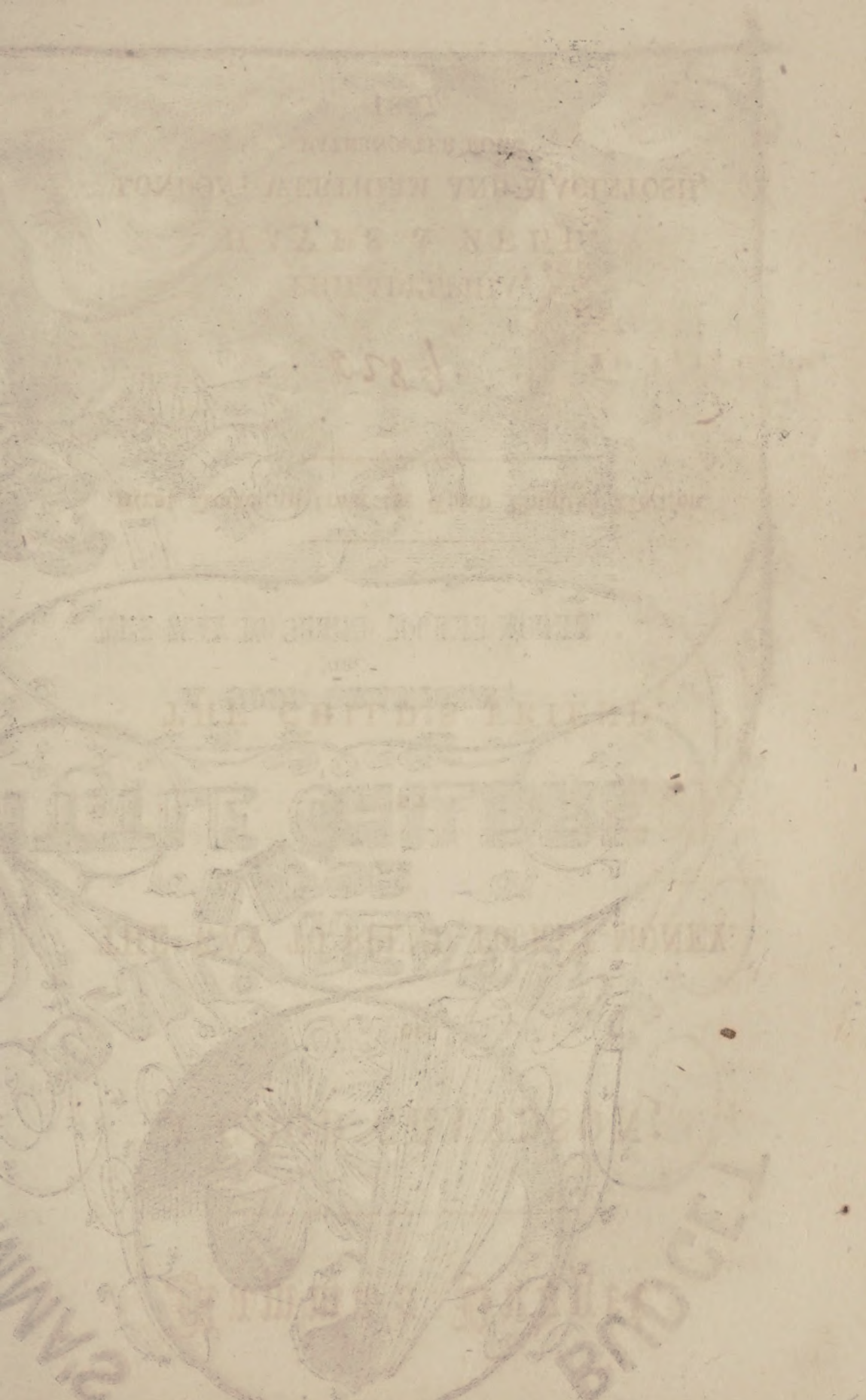
FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.

A GOOD GRANDSON;

OR,

THE WAY TO SPEND POCKET MONEY.



Mamma's Budget.

A GOOD GRANDSON;

OR,

THE WAY TO SPEND POCKET-MONEY.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
6289.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
HAYES & ZELL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

A Holiday ! A Holiday !

THE WAY TO SPEND POCKET MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

HOLIDAY! a holiday!" shouted Frank and Arthur Graves. "A holiday, a holiday," re-echoed their two young sisters, Eva and Mary. "Oh, is it not kind of our dear mamma to give us a holiday this afternoon?" And the whole party joined in chorus, whilst Trip, Arthur's dog, barked, and all capered about in the highest glee.

It was a pleasant May day, and the delighted group, having put away books, slates, pens, work-boxes, and whatever belonged to their school-room occupations, lost no time in hastening to a large green field adjoining their father's pretty summer cot-

tage; and where they thought they should find a plentiful supply of violets among the banks of the hedges. What was their disappointment to discover that some one else had been before them! For a moment, little Mary felt very much inclined to give way to tears. I regret to have such a confession to make of my little favorite; but Mary was very young—only just five years old and one month! To see scarcely a flower, where she had expected to find more than she could gather, was almost a greater trial than she could bear with patience; and her bright blue eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, dear Eva, look at Mary!" cried Frank, forgetting his own disappointment on seeing the grief of the family pet. "No use crying, Mary, dearest."

"No, indeed," added Eva kindly; "you must not be a baby, Mary, to cry because there are fewer violets to be seen than we thought were in the field; come, come, let us pick the few that remain; and do not be silly, darling."

"Silly or not silly; I do not wonder at

Mary's being ready to cry; it is very provoking!" exclaimed Arthur, "why there are scarcely a dozen violets left."

"But Arthur, dear," answered Eva, "you forget Mamma told us yesterday that children ought to bear patiently the little trials to which they are subjected, or else they would not follow the example of Jesus Christ."

"Yes, besides, if we are to sit down and cry over every trifling disappointment, instead of meeting it bravely or trying to remedy the evil, people will laugh at us;" cried Frank. "Are there no violets elsewhere?"

"I think we may perhaps find some in the narrow lane leading from the turnip field to farmer Drew's cottage. It is very retired, and he does not allow the village children to play within his grounds; probably, if we were to ask permission, he would let us gather some on his side of the hedge: Arthur, run and ask him, see, he is in his carrot field, going towards those two people beneath that old tree: you, Frank, can go

and tell mamma where we think of going. Mary and I will stay here."

The boys soon returned. Frank said his mother was willing they should go on any part of the good farmer's grounds, whilst Arthur reported that Mr Drew gave them leave to go to the desired field, or any of the neighbouring ones; for he knew they would do him no mischief; he added, the farmer had given them permission to take up a turnip, to eat after their search for flowers: and Frank produced some biscuits his mamma had provided him with for the same purpose. The whole party, in the course of a very short time, were busily engaged gathering violets; Eva and Arthur filling their baskets from those growing in the hedges that bordered the lane, whilst Frank, having lifted Mary over the stile, picked up quantities along a small brook which skirted the bottom of the farmer's turnip field, till having got as many as he required for himself, he assisted Mary to fill her basket. At the end of a couple of hours, they were satisfied with their morning's work, and looked about to

discover some shady spot, where they might refresh themselves with their biscuits, and the nice cool turnip Farmer Drew had allowed them to take. A fine old ever-green which overhung the brook afforded the little party sufficient security from the sun, as it was not very hot at that early season, and the girls seated themselves on a bit of soft turf their brother Frank had cleared of stones, whilst Arthur dragged two large stones to the place that they might serve Frank and himself for chairs. And never was there a happier party than now sat down to devour their eatables. But unfortunately the *one* turnip did not satisfy their thirst; two were wanted!

"I will get another in a minute, this one was smaller than I thought;" and Arthur jumped up to do as he had just said.

"Stop, stop, Arthur! farmer Drew only told you we might have one."

"But Eva, I am sure he would not object to our having two; he did not seem to care much about it, when I asked him if we might have one."

"Eva is right! He might not like us to take two, though he was willing for us to have the one we have eaten. We have no right to gather more."

"How you talk, Frank! to suppose that farmer Drew cares for our taking a few turnips. I am almost sure that had I asked him for two, he would have said, 'Take them, and as many more as you like, sir.' It is all nonsense."

"Nonsense or no nonsense, Arthur, Frank speaks the truth. We have no right to gather more than the one we have eaten. Had you asked him for two, and Mr. Drew had told you to take them, it would have been quite another affair, but you did not ask for the two, he did not give you leave to take more than one, and to take two would be as bad as stealing."

"Stealing! Taking a couple of turnips stealing! why Eva, you are crazy!"

"Indeed, Arthur, we should be stealing, just as much as the boy who, papa told us, had been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for pulling up half a dozen carrots out

of a field belonging to squire Mason."

"But Eva, that boy was not a gentleman, he was a boy minding sheep, and he made his dinner of Mr Mason's carrots."

"And because we are richer, and have a good dinner at home, and only want the turnip to quench our thirst, have we more right to take what is not our own, than Dick Wilson who is poor, probably had no dinner awaiting his return home, and took the carrots to satisfy his hunger?"

"Oh, mamma says, that rich people ought to set a good example to the poor."

"Yes, Mary, but I cannot see any harm in our taking just one turnip."

"Oh, but it would be breaking the eighth commandment. I learnt it yesterday."

"Why, what a fuss you all make; taking one turnip from Mr. Drew, is not as though I took a dozen! He would never complain, I am sure."

"Perhaps, Arthur, out of respect to papa and mamma, he would not complain, but he would not again be so willing for us to enter his field; and papa explained to Frank

and me yesterday, that we offend God, if we *wilfully* sin in the most trifling affair : you would not do this?"

"Certainly not; but I did not think of it in such a serious light before; I do believe now, that we should be wrong in taking the turnip. What shall we do, however? for this long talk has not quenched our thirst."

"If you will wait here with the girls, I will run towards our old gardener's cottage. I know it is not far from this field, and I can probably find a short cut to it. Perhaps I can get a little milk there."

"Do, Frank; Have you money? If not, here is a fourpenny piece."

"Thanks, I have a few pence in my purse, but Margery will not take any money, I am sure. I will not be gone five minutes, so do not leave."

"Oh, Eva, why not let us all go; it will be such fun, and I am sure I should like to see old Will's good-natured dame. Would not you, Mary, and I am sure you would, dear Eva."

"I should like to go very much, Arthur; but I was thinking that as I shall be obliged to return the Cranworths their books they so kindly lent me, unless I just take a peep in this last volume, I shall have to give it back without even looking into it."

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes, Frank; I have always kept one of them in my pocket, for the chance of getting a spare moment, they are so pretty."

"When must you return them?"

"This evening, Arthur. Agnes told me this morning, they set off for London to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Do you think you must give them back to-day? I do not believe Agnes will want them in London! So much to do there."

"Yet, she did not say I might keep them, Arthur; and so, I cannot think of doing so."

"I meant to have read these books myself; but I have not had the time."

"I told you they were very interesting, Frank; yet I make no doubt but that they will willingly lend them us again, when they return here in the autumn."

"I wonder if they do want to read them in London?"

"I do not think they will even take them to London, Frank."

"Then what folly, I say, to return them, until you have quite finished with their contents!"

"As I said before, Arthur, Agnes never said I might keep them; though I told her, Frank had not read any one of them; and that I, also, had still one to finish; evidently, she wants them returned before they leave."

"What nonsense—to take away a book from a person who is reading it, to lie it on a shelf! I would not send them back, not I, indeed."

"But, Arthur, you would have no right to keep that which belongs to another party! Besides, perhaps you are wrong in thinking they merely want them back

to lie idle on the shelf; they may want to lend them to others; or, perhaps, their mamma likes all their things put away before they leave home. At any rate, we have no right to keep another person's property against their will."

"I suppose you are right, Eva; yet it is provoking, for you say there is some nice reading among them. What is that short tale?"

"Which short tale, Arthur?"

"The one I heard you promise to read to Mary a little while since."

"Oh, she begged me to read her, 'Integrity Rewarded.'"

"Is it in that book?"

"Yes, Arthur; Mary peeped into it as I was putting it in my pocket."

"Will you read it aloud, whilst Frank goes for the milk, dear Eva?"

"Yes, Arthur, with pleasure; if you prefer our reading it, instead of going with Frank."

"I beg your pardon, Mistress Eva; but if you read aloud, I shall do myself the

honor of listening to your charming voice. I want to hear that tale particularly."

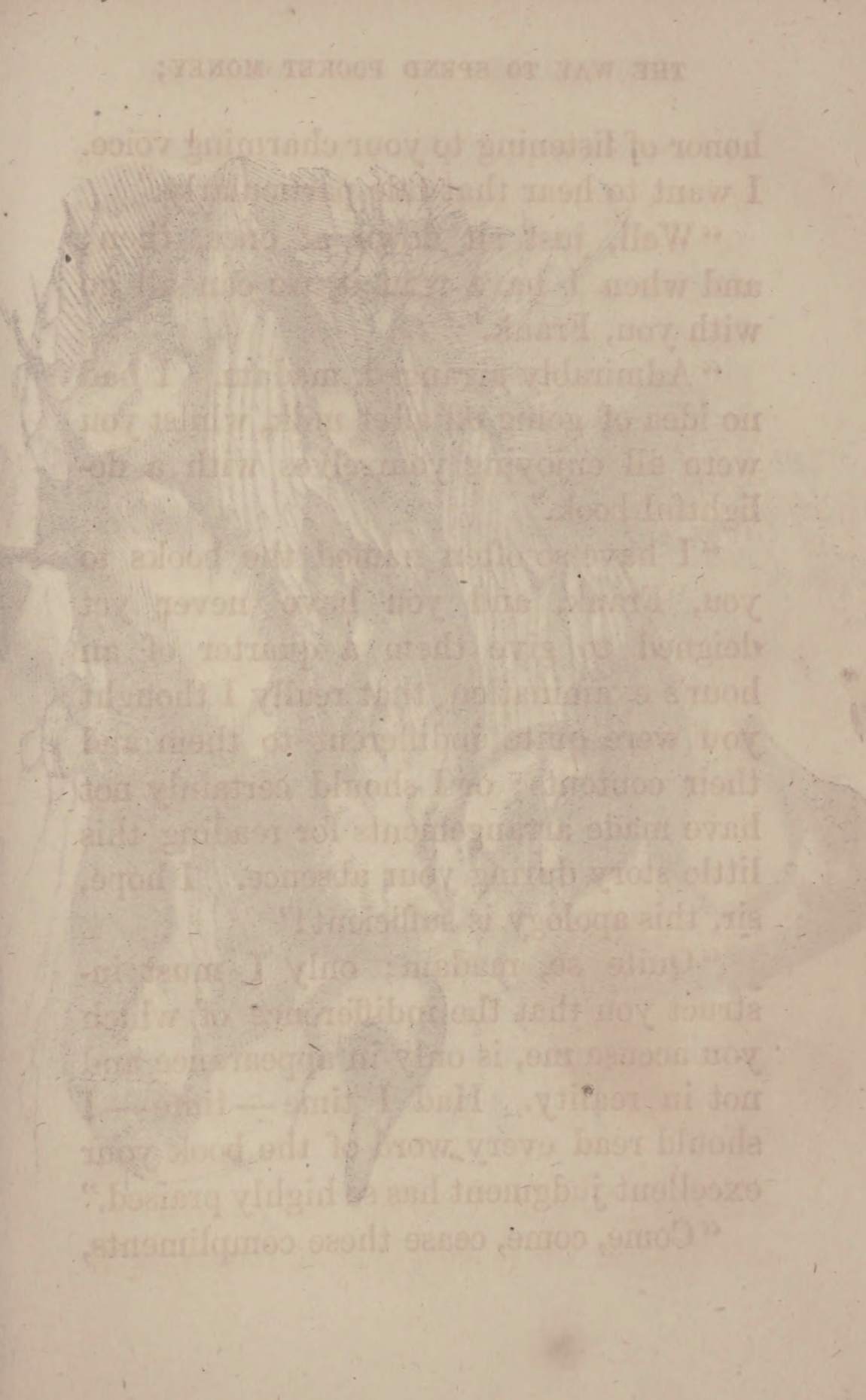
"Well, just sit down at once, then; and when I have read it, we can all go with you, Frank."

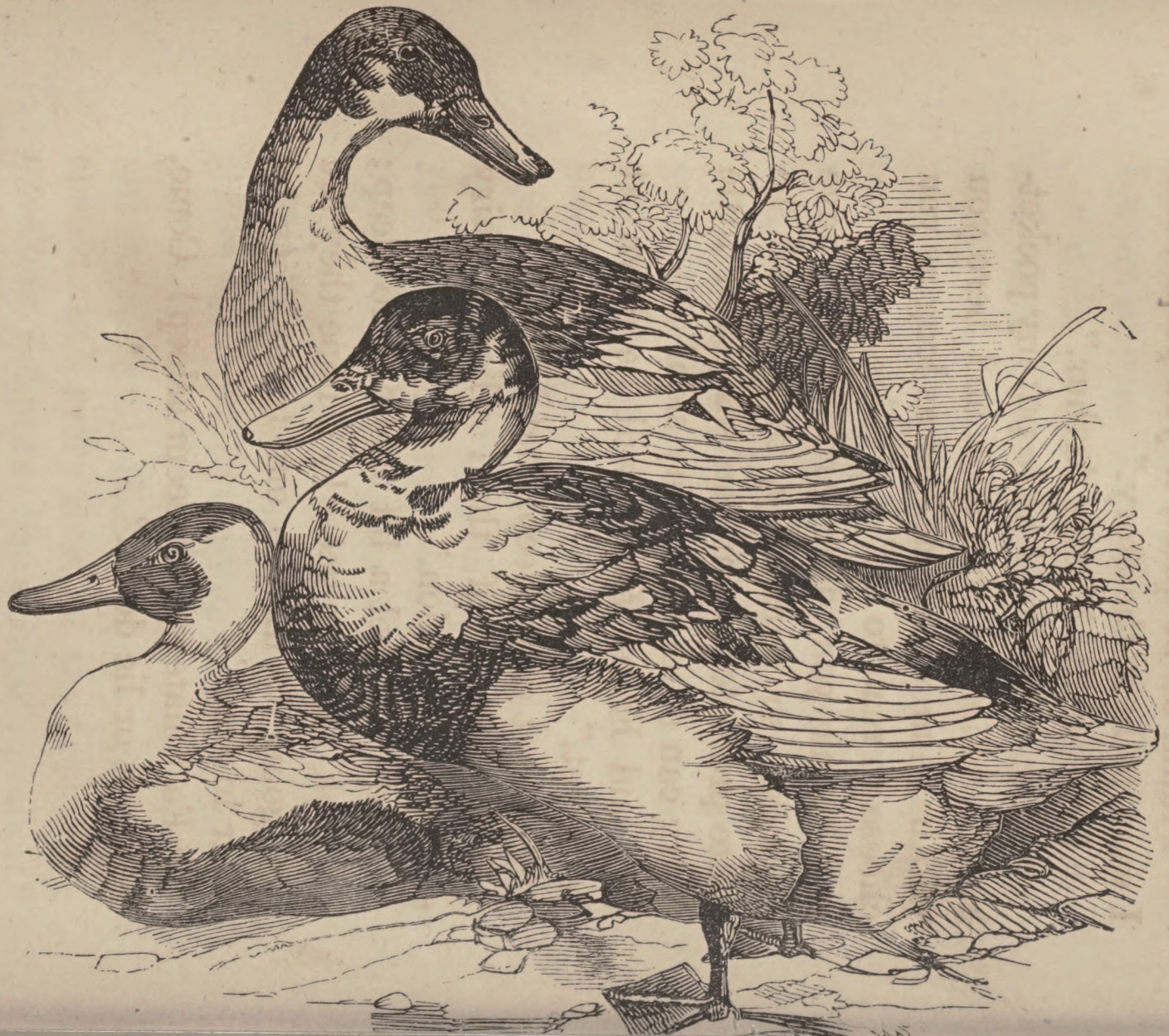
"Admirably arranged, madam. I had no idea of going off after milk, whilst you were all enjoying yourselves with a delightful book."

"I have so often named the books to you, Frank, and you have never yet deigned to give them a quarter of an hour's examination, that really I thought you were quite indifferent to them and their contents; or I should certainly not have made arrangements for reading this little story during your absence. I hope, sir, this apology is sufficient!"

"Quite so, madam; only I must instruct you that the indifference of which you accuse me, is only in appearance and not in reality. Had I time — time — I should read every word of the book your excellent judgment has so highly praised."

"Come, come, cease these compliments,





"Frank, do be quiet, if you please, sir. I want to hear the story."

"I am silent, Master Arthur."

"Now, dear Eva, I have put my pocket-handkerchief on this spot, and here you will have an excellent seat as long as you choose to read to us."

"Thank you, dear Arthur; you have arranged so admirably, that I shall be quite protected from the sun; and little Mary can sit down by my side."

"And Frank and I will lie down at your feet."

"Do not go to sleep, that is all."

"No danger of that! when a fairy story is in question."

"I do not feel a bit inclined to sleep; do look at those geese! I hope they are not going to disturb our tranquillity by their hissing."

"Fortunately, they seem asleep! Come, boys, sit or lie down."

CHAPTER II.

"O you find that seat comfortable, Eva?"

"Quite so, Arthur; and the birds sing so sweetly, that one might stay here for hours."

"I should have no objection, provided, however, we had a trifle to eat, and that you would relate us stories all the time."

"I think it would be fair, Arthur, that you should tell one in return for mine; that is the way our cousins always do.

"A very good plan too, I think."

"Yes, Frank; on half holidays, we girls used to take our work to some shady spot, and there we would listen to the productions of the two boys or, to our own."

"Well, tell us your story now, quick,

if you please; we shall get neither story nor milk."

"Well, seat yourselves, here is the story; mamma liked it very much indeed."

"Is it a true one?"

"That I cannot tell you. I have some idea that it is true; but I am not certain, Mary."

"I should prefer it were it true."

"Well, Frank, be it truth or fiction, here it is for you."

Integrity Rewarded.

"Oh, Harry, see what I have found!" observed a handsome, bright-faced and curly-pated little ragged boy, showing a red pocket-book to his brother, and telling him at the same time, he had just picked it up in the gutter.

"What is it?" inquired the other, running towards the first speaker, and addressing him in a tone of curiosity, with eagerness in his eyes and a look of astonishment.

"It is a pretty leather book," replied the boy, "but it is strange! I cannot find

any of the leaves. See here, not a leaf to be seen; how very funny!"

"Why, it is what *gentlefolks* keep their money in," said Harry, "and perhaps, James, we may find some here." So saying, he opened the book, and was both delighted and astonished at the pleasing sight which met his gaze.

"Oh," exclaimed Harry, "whatever do I see! Why we are rich for life; we shall never want for any thing; shall never be *poor* again as long as we live!"

"Indeed, brother," said James, gravely shaking his head, "I doubt we shall never be the *richer* for what is here."

"Why so?" quickly demanded Harry, in surprise. "Do you not see all this? look here, why do you say so?"

"Because I recollect that mother once told us to be particular, and always to remember, that what we *found* was not our *own;* and you know, brother, that I have always minded what she said, much more now she is *dead*, than when she was *alive*, as she told us to be sure and do."

"Then what must we do?" good-humoredly inquired the other, for he was as well-principled a boy as his younger brother; only he was rather less thoughtful, and had wholly forgotten his mother's excellent precepts, in the surprise and delusive hopes of the moment.

"We must try and find out to whom this pocket-book belongs."

Just as James had made this wise observation, he saw a gentleman looking on the ground very intently.

"Have you lost anything, pray, sir?" demanded the honest-hearted boy, quickly approaching the stranger.

"Yes, my lad," returned the gentleman, without raising his eyes; he was so much engaged in searching the ground.

"Then, sir," said James, producing the book, "I believe my brother has been lucky enough to find the prize; this pocket-book he picked up within ten minutes."

The gentleman instantly seized the book, and saw it contained the sum he had so lately lost. He first gazed upon

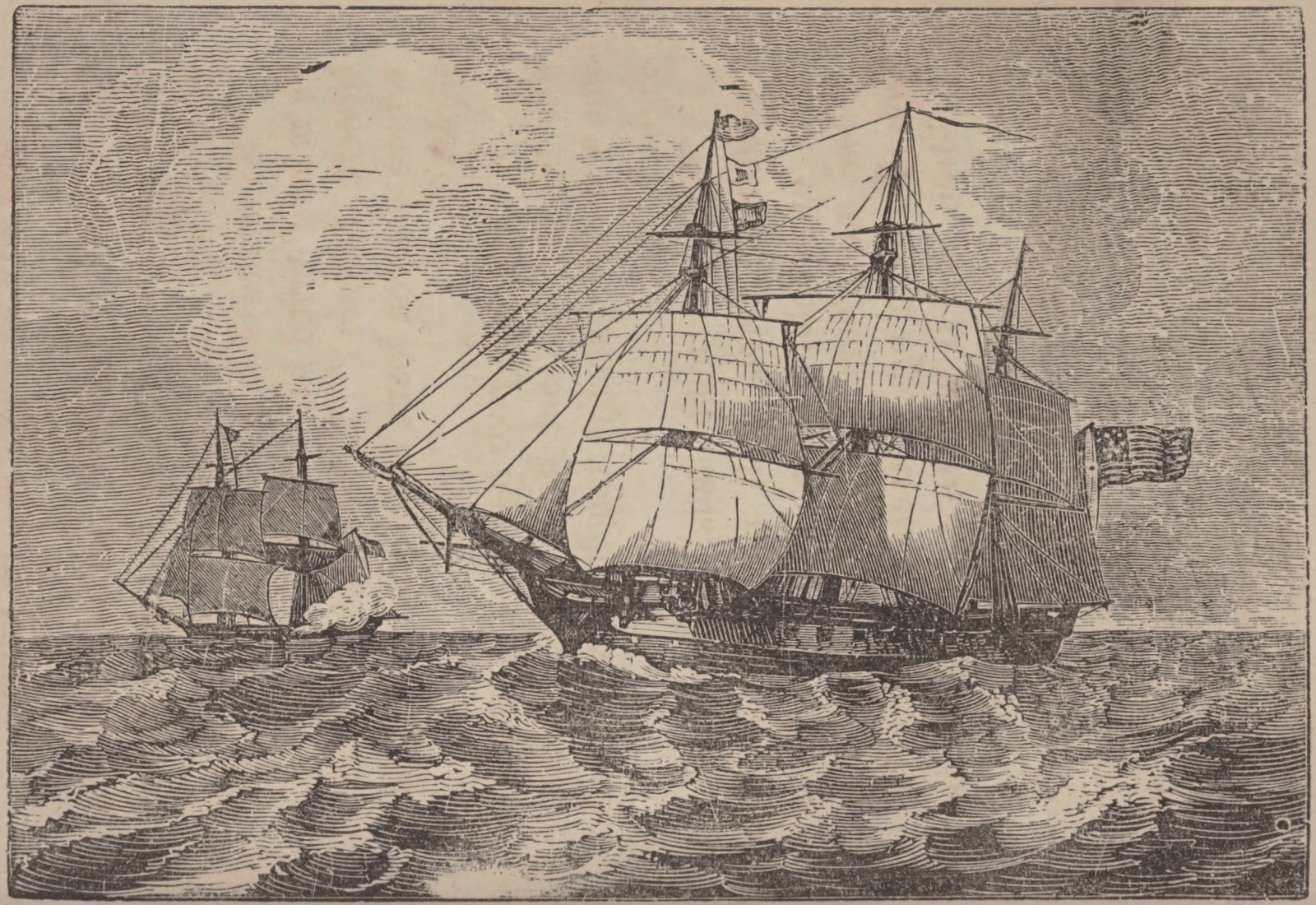
his recovered treasure, and then upon those who had been the fortunate means of restoring it to him so unexpectedly.

"So *wretched in person*, and yet so *rich in mind!*" cried he. "Who are you, my honest fellows?" he continued, "and where did you learn such admirable principles?"

"We are two *poor orphans*," answered the boys; "but our dear mother, when she was alive, always taught us what was right."

"Well, my noble lads," rejoined the gentleman, "you shall no longer suffer from an orphan state, for I will be a *friend* and *father* to you. Henceforth, you are under my protection. I have no children, and I will be a parent to you both."

The two boys were totally unable to reply to such an unexpected proof of regard; and the stranger ordered them to follow him to an hotel, when a tailor was sent for, and they were completely clothed in suitable garments. The following



Our Brothér's Ship.

week they were sent to school, where by attention and industry they soon recovered their lost time. James received an education for the bar; and Henry was brought up to the church. Each of them was raised to an eminence in his profession, and both grew up virtuous and honest men.

"I like that tale very much, indeed; they were two noble boys; but I think I like the character of James the best."

"We must not judge Harry harshly; he was not so thoughtful as his younger brother; but when reminded of his duty, he at once cheerfully obeyed. Yet I think with you, Arthur, that James's character is to be preferred."

"He appeared to remember his mother's advice, as though he took a pleasure in carrying it into practice. Do you not think so, Eva?"

"Yes, Frank; and as though he did nothing without first thinking if his mother would have approved its being done."

"Poor boys, how fortunate they found a friend!"

"Yes, indeed, Arthur; and it was their honesty found them one."

"But, Eva, do you not think that James loved his mother more than his brother did?"

"No, Frank; why do you ask?"

"It seems to me, that had Harry loved his mother as much as James did, he would have remembered her advice."

"But, Frank, we often forget what mamma and papa desire us to do! and yet, I should be sorry to imagine we do not love them very much indeed."

"Mamma says, Eva, that as a general rule, the more children love their parents, the more will they try to obey their slightest wish; and that, *forgetfulness* is too frequently the result of *indifference*."

"I should be glad to think the case were otherwise, Frank; and yet I am afraid mamma is right! For we know, if we want to show our love to one of our cousins; or to dear little Mary; or to

each other; we try to do something we know will give pleasure."

"Yet, Eva, may we not sometimes forget others, not through indifference, but through thinking a great deal of our own likes and dislikes?"

"Ah, that papa terms selfishness, Arthur; it is being thoughtless to others, but thoughtful of ourselves!"

"Oh, I would not be selfish, Eva!"

"And I am sure you are not, my dear little Mary."

"But, Frank, are you not going for milk? I am so very thirsty."

"Certainly, dear, I will go at once. I only waited to hear Eva read about James and Harry; and then we began talking, and I forgot the milk altogether. Is any one coming with me?"

"I vote for all of us going?"

"But, Arthur, will Mary be able to go there, after running about all the morning?"

"Yes, yes, Eva; I do not feel one bit tired."

"Yet, mamma said, we were to be careful and not let you fatigue yourself, for as we are to go to aunt Maria's to-morrow, you will have to get up very early in the morning, and we shall not return till very late in the evening; so mamma seemed to think you would have a hard day's work."

"But what a pleasant day we shall have, Eva. I do like paying a visit to aunt Maria; we have such fun there."

"Yes; and now there are two children staying at Cream Cottage; a boy and a girl."

"Who are they, Frank?"

"I believe their name is Pilgrim; their parents are absent in India; and the brother and sister have been sent to England for education. Mamma has seen them, and says they appear very nice children, and that they are full of fun; so I make no doubt, Arthur, but that we shall have a delightful day."

"I never imagined there were children at aunt Maria's; we shall have a delight-

ful day! and—and, as for being tired, that will not signify, a good night's sleep will make all right again. Will it not, Frank?"

"Yes, for us, Arthur; but perhaps little Mary, who has so lately recovered from whooping-cough, may not so easily get over a long day's fatigue."

"Still, I think, Eva, we might venture to accompany Frank; the distance is not so very great, indeed, Eva."

"Yes, Eva; we know the situation of places about here better than you do; we have become acquainted with every nook and corner; whilst your absence at Brighton, has kept you in comparative ignorance. Arthur is right, the distance is not great; whilst the sun is not so hot as it was, and we should have shade part of the day; besides, old Margery will be glad to see you; we assured her you would be at home one day this week. I do think we may venture."

"Yes, Frank is right, dear Eva; the distance is not far. I heard papa say last night that Margery lived near us."

"Well, darling, we will try it, at any rate. I only hesitated on your account."

"But, Eva, dear; when we first named the subject, you appeared to have no thought of its being too long a walk for Mary."

"To say the truth, Arthur, I was at the moment so much interested about the little book, that I quite forgot mamma's injunctions regarding dear Mary; but yet you must know better than I, since you have been more about the neighborhood; so let us go; only, I think it will be wiser to keep in the shade as much as possible."

"What did you do during the winter evenings at Brighton, when you could not accompany your aunt and cousins."

"Oh, they have such a nice old nurse there; she has lived in the family ever since aunt Selina was born; and now, she is so fond of the children, and she is so good-natured, that it is quite delightful to have her to converse with for a couple of hours. When aunt and the girls went out, on such days as I could not be of

their party, I used to steal into nurse Carrie's room; and there I would stay quite contented, listening to her long stories."

"Did she tell stories, then?"

"Yes, indeed, Arthur; by the dozen."

"What about, Eva?"

"About everything you can imagine."

"Do you think you can remember them sufficiently well to repeat them to us, Eva?"

"That question I cannot answer. I cannot repeat her stories so well as nurse Carrie told them to me; she has such a pleasant manner of telling an anecdote."

"And did she tell you fairy tales?"

"Occasionally, Arthur."

"Really, dear Eva, you have not read to us for a whole quarter of an hour. When we finished that tale, it was half-past ten and, now it wants exactly fifteen minutes to eleven. Do tell us something."

"But what must I tell you, Arthur?"

"Anything you like — the first story that enters your head."

"Let us hasten toward Dame Margery's, Arthur; and I will tell you one on the way."

"Dear Eva, did you see my new toy, the one aunt Margaret gave me?"

"No, dear; you must show it me when we get home again."

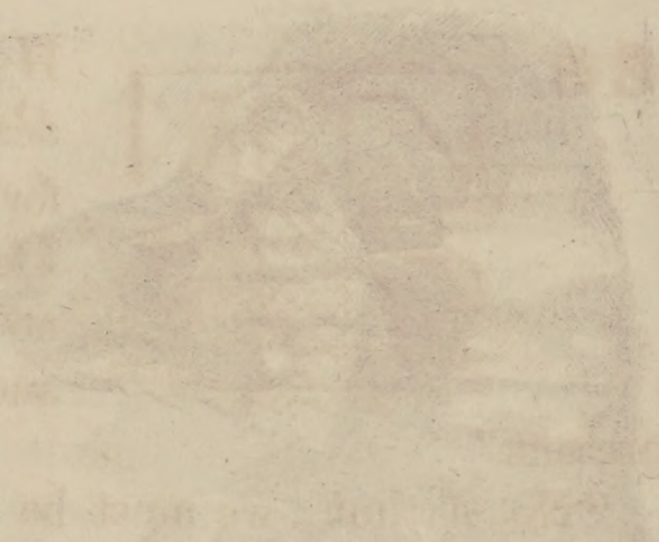
"Oh, it is beautiful! Aunty brought it to me, just after dinner, one day last week; and said, if mamma chose, I might take a walk with her; but I would much rather have stayed at home, and played with my Noah's ark, and Willie's new doll."

"But I hope you did not object to accompany aunt Margaret, my darling?"

"Not ex—not exactly; I only said I would prefer remaining at home; but I went, because mamma said I must; and I did not cry! I was afraid Willie would break my new toy; but mamma gave it to Lucy to put away for me."

"I am glad you went, darling. And now, Arthur, I will tell you a short fairy story."

"But I would much rather have stayed at home, and played with my Noah's ark."



CHAPTER III.

"THANKS, dearest Eva, for your story. I fear we have no time for another, at present."

"No, Arthur; we must be near Dame Margery's; that is, if we are ever to reach her cottage."

"It is nearly three months since we have paid her a visit; so we deferred our visit to their new residence, until you should have returned; and when we met her one day last week, I promised we would all go there when you came back."

"Who shall go into the cottage?"

"You, if you like, Arthur; you can enter and introduce Miss Graves; dear Eva's health is so much improved, that Margery will hardly recognize her again."

"Yes, indeed, let us all go, Frank, and then Eva can tell her mamma wishes to see her some evening. I heard her tell papa so last night.

"What shall we do with all the violets we have gathered," said Frank.

"Cannot we take them with us, they are not so very heavy, surely?"

"But you forget, Mary, that carrying them so far through the heat, will perhaps kill them, and certainly it will do them no good."

"Hurrah for the boy that has a bright idea!" exclaimed Arthur, throwing up his cap high in the air; "bring me the baskets; they will do here admirably till our return; just look only, they are completely shaded from the sun by this tall grass; I do not think it is very green; it looks as though it might be some that was grown last year; but no matter for its being brownish, it and this old tree, will keep our violets from being faded, particularly as the ground is so damp."

"Yes, you have chosen an excellent spot

The Children accompany their Parents to view a Regatta.

for the purpose," observed Frank, as he watched his brother partially conceal their flowers in the grass.

Having left the field, Frank led the way round a large farm yard, which the owner was crossing on horseback, through a beautiful green meadow, and past an old country church, when they found themselves in a narrow lane in which the girls had not previously been.

"Frank, where are we?" I do not like going far from home; mamma may feel uneasy at our taking Mary such a distance."

The boys laughed heartily at Eva's fears, and directed her attention to the pretty little cottage which was almost concealed from view, by a large group of trees, and which turned out to be their own. It stood within a quarter of a mile of the party; and at once satisfied, Eva asked what Frank intended to do now: for he seemed puzzled as to what he should do next.

"I think old Will has moved lately. I heard he had taken one of farmer Hartly's

cottages; and if so, this lane must lead to it; suppose we try?"

"Agreed, it is very shady: but as you and Arthur have spent the four last summers in the neighbourhood, I do think, gentlemen, you might have known your way about it a little better than you do: why I know my way all about Brighton, though my health did not allow of my going out half so often as our aunt and cousins did."

"But you forget, Miss Eva, that our knowing the way to all the places about, would not tell us to what particular cottage old Will has removed."

"Yes, Miss Graves, Frank says the truth there; and I do think that he has shown no little skill, in having brought you such a short cut, and such a pretty walk, to within five minutes' walk of your own door."

"I suppose I must admit my ingratitude, but little Mary is all anxiety for the promised milk; I do hope your *skill* will enable us to find it."

"Come along, then; on our return we will gather a few of these primroses: they

are very late ones; the deep shade of the hedge preserves them I imagine, but they are not at all fine, are they?"

"No Frank, I should say they are not worth picking off the ground."

"But I should like a few, Eva, to mix with the violets, only a few."

"I will not have one of those mean-looking primroses in my little round basket, master Franky, but we will help you to gather some. Will not mamma and papa be astonished at our having gathered so many beautiful violets?" and my bright little favourite danced and clapped her hands.

"On, on, Miss Mary, Frank and Eva have got the start of us."

Further and further down the lane the children ran, till they suddenly came to a sharp turn, on going round which, they found themselves in sight of a very small cottage standing at the corner of a field. A couple of elms protected it from the sun and wind. A few yards beyond, a rather wide brook, which was now much swollen by

the late rains, presented a complete obstacle to their farther progress along the lane that morning. Within the door of the cottage sat a very old woman, busily employed in knitting; her clothes were much patched; but both she and a little boy, who was sitting on a stool by her side, reading to her, were very clean in their persons, as well as in their dress.

"O!" cried Eva, "look at that wide brook, and there is no bridge; Mary's shoes are not strong ones; she cannot get over without wetting herself; and mamma does not like our wetting our feet. What a pity!"

"Never mind; if we cannot find old Will to day, we can come another time. But what shall we do to quench our thirst? Is that water clean?"

"I do not know, Frank; but just look at that pretty cottage! why not ask that nice looking old woman for a cup of fresh water. She looks so clean."

"Yes, Franky; and instead of finding old Will's to day, we can stop here a little, and look all about this pretty cottage; it

will be pleasanter than going farther this morning; I am so tired, so very tired."

"Why, Mary, you are soon tired! but I am quite agreed. Arthur, never mind trying to find a place where we may cross the brook: the girls prefer not going to day; come back; and now Eva, you shall be spokeswoman."

CHAPTER IV.

O Eva walked towards the door of the cottage, and the party followed her, Frank carefully closing the little garden gate, when the rest had passed in.

"Good morning, young ladies and gentlemen," said the old woman, as she rose and met them; "will you walk in and rest yourselves?"

"Thanks, my good woman; we are not very much tired, but we are very thirsty, and if this nice little boy would kindly get us a cup of water, we shall all feel very much obliged to him I assure you."

As Eva thus spoke, the boy, who was standing with the open book in his hand from which he had just been reading, now quickly laid it down on his stool, and smil-

ing good humoredly, hastened, and brought out a clean brown stone pitcher, with which he ran to their garden well; whilst the old woman answered:

"Indeed Miss, Johnny will be very glad to get you all some fresh water. I wish I could offer you some milk, or a cup of cider, but I and my grandson cannot afford to indulge in such luxuries."

"But surely, you and Johnny have milk for your tea?" cried Mary.

"No indeed, my pretty little miss, we have not; we can scarcely buy bread enough to satisfy hunger, for though I have no very great appetite, yet Johnny is a growing boy, and though the poor child never complains, yet I know that he could often eat more than I am able to give him."

Mary might perhaps have asked more questions, but at that moment Johnny returned. Frank took the pitcher from him, whilst he fetched a couple of white mugs, and giving these last to Arthur, he again went in doors, and hastily returned with a stool for Mary, and a rush-bottomed chair

for Eva. He then wiped down his own little stool for Frank, and presented a kind of seat for Arthur, formed out of a block of wood, the remains of an old tree, saying he regretted he had no better chair to offer him. All this was done so quickly and with such evident good will, that the children could not but be pleased with the poor boy. Arthur, however, rejected the block of wood, as Frank did Johnny's stool, both saying they preferred the soft green turf, and begged him to be again seated, whilst they drank some water, after first helping their sisters, who by this time were chatting away with the old woman, who at their request, had seated herself again when they sat down.

"And do you live here entirely alone with your grandson?" said Eva.

"Yes, my dear young lady, replied the old woman, "I live in this bit of a cottage with my poor little Johnny; he is all that remains of my only son. Will, his father, was an excellent young man; he married; but he, his wife, and two eldest children

died of a bad fever—all within a few days of each other; leaving me a little orphan of two years old, to protect."

"But you can scarcely now support yourself, I should think?"

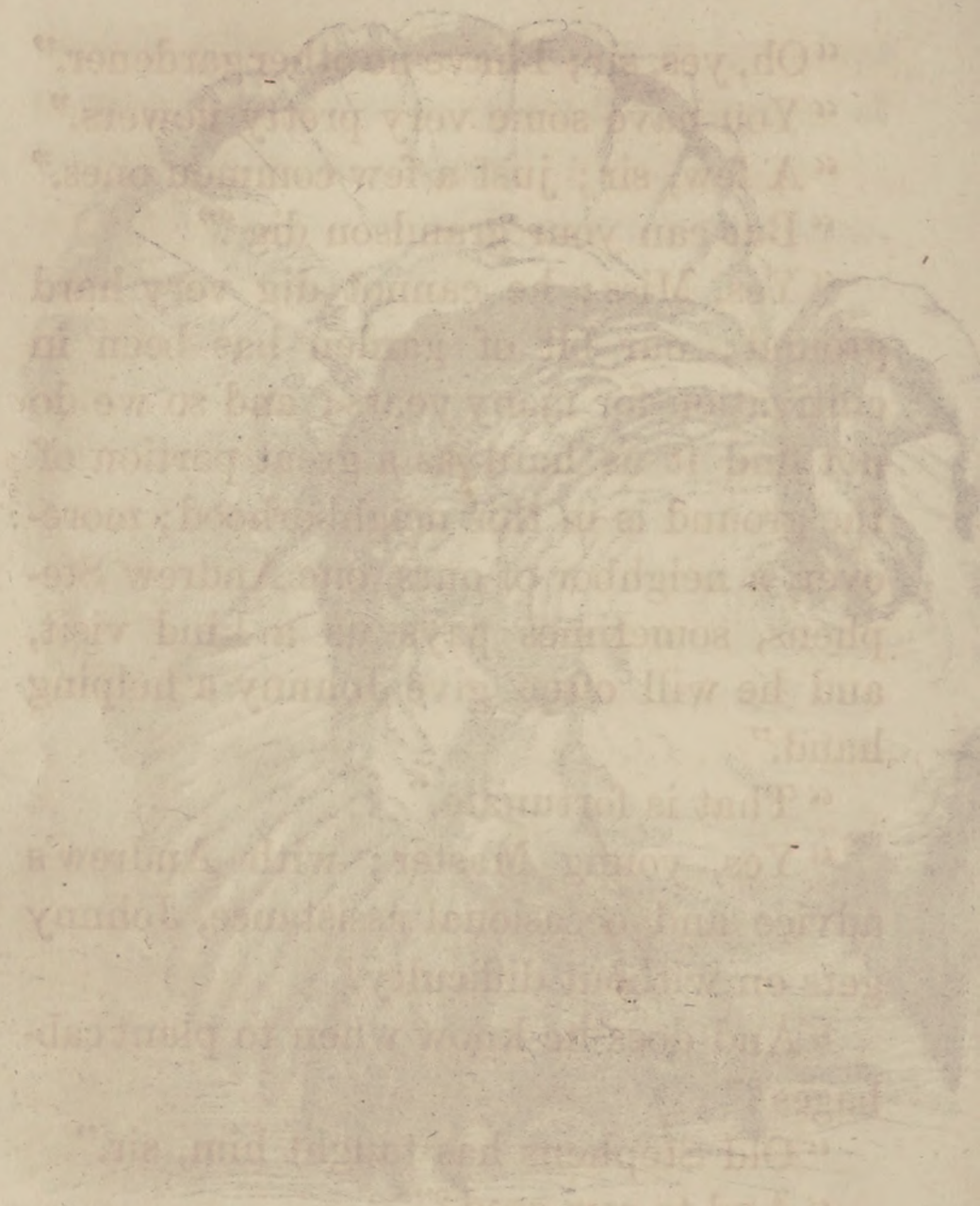
"Hard work sometimes, ma'am; however, Johnny is very dutiful to me: and I have fortunately found a kind friend in farmer Mills, who allows me this bit of a cottage and the garden that surrounds it, for a mere trifle; my husband worked for him and his, all his life, and he has not deserted the widow!"

"I am glad he has proved so good a master: your husband must have been a valuable workman, to make farmer Mills so grateful," observed Frank.

"My dear husband, sir, worked for his master as though he had been working for himself; he always did the very best he could. He was indeed a loss to me."

"No wonder, my good woman, but your grandson appears an active little fellow." replied Frank, "Does he keep your garden in order? it is very neat."

Self importance.



"Oh, yes, sir; I have no other gardener."

"You have some very pretty flowers."

"A few, sir; just a few common ones."

"But can your grandson dig?"

"Yes, Miss; he cannot dig very hard ground; our bit of garden has been in cultivation for many years; and so we do not find it as hard as a great portion of the ground is in this neighborhood; moreover, a neighbor of ours, one Andrew Stephens, sometimes pays us a kind visit, and he will often give Johnny a helping hand."

"That is fortunate."

"Yes, young Master; with Andrew's advice and occasional assistance, Johnny gets on without difficulty,"

"And does he know when to plant cabbages?"

"Old Stephens has taught him, sir."

"And to sow seed?"

"There again, the same good man befriends us, Miss."

"But, can your little grandson really

sow seed that will grow as well as though our gardener put it in the ground?"

"Well, young Master, I cannot say that exactly; but on the whole, Johnny manages very well."

"I see you have cabbages, too; does Johnny rear the plants?"

"No, sir; Andrew Stephens most generally gives us a few; he can spare us as many as we can plant in our wee bit of garden. My boy often flies his kite in the farmer's fields, with his permission."

CHAPTER V.

"I AM quite refreshed, now; that slice of good bread, and cup of water, have made me feel another man. I should have no objection to fly a kite myself."

"My grandson would be glad to lend you his, Master Arthur; but, unfortunately, three evenings ago, he was flying it in one of farmer Mill's fields, when a little boy with him broke the string, and thus the kite was lost; and Johnny would not trample down the grain to reach his kite, though both the boy and his sister would have run after it, had they been allowed."

"Your boy must be a great help to you?"

"He helps me as much as he is able, but Johnny has never been strong as some boys are; he soon gets fatigued with hard work, so I never like to see him exerting himself too much, but he is a very willing boy."

"Perhaps he wants a glass of port wine with his dinner cried Arthur. That is what the doctor ordered for my sister Eva, when she was weak."

"Bless you, my dear little heart, I cannot afford to buy him meat, let alone wine. Sometimes I manage to get a bit of cheese, but otherwise, bread is all I ever buy, with the exception of a little tea for Sundays and holidays."

"But how can you live without meat, sugar, and a hundred other things?"

"Oh, my dear little miss, poor people must do the best they can. If they get enough to eat, they have no reason to complain, and indeed, in no case ought they to complain, for God knows what is best for us, and if I and Johnny work as well as we can, I consider we must be content with what our work brings us."

"But does not your garden yield anything? I see it is all planted," said Eva.

"Yes ma'am, we have a few potatoes and cabbages, besides some carrots and several herbs, but the ground is not very rich, and the whole that grows on it is eaten up long before the winter sets in, unless it be a few potatoes may be left us; these, occasionally last till end of November."

"But you have a very small patch of potatoes," resumed Frank.

"The fourth of the whole garden, sir, and you must remember that we eat them very sparingly. We never think of boiling more than four a day."

"But four will not make you a dinner, I am sure," cried Arthur.

"No sir, but we can make out with a little bread: we have good bread from our baker; indeed! I forget my manners," and the old woman rose from her chair, and as quickly as her trembling feet could carry her, she hastened within doors, and returned with a nice loaf on a clean plate. "I should have given you this when Johnny

brought the water, but we were so busy talking, that I quite forgot to be civil. Take, miss, and you too, pretty little dear, I wish I had something more tempting. Young gentlemen, a slice of this good bread will do you good;" and the liberal old woman, having helped the whole of her famished guests, again resumed her arm-chair: when Eva said,

"This is indeed excellent bread; and I am certain we shall feel all the better for it; but where is Johnny gone? he left after giving us water and seats, I hope our presence does not keep him away."

"O, no, miss; but Johnny is never idle: he was reading to me when you arrived; for my eyes are not so good as they once were, and as he has no work to-day, and it is a holiday at his school, I was glad to hear him: but, now, I dare say he is gone to pick up sticks; many a basket full he gathers me. Without him, I do not know what I should do."

"Have you no coal, such as my Papa and Mamma burn?"

"No, little miss; not since the death of my son: excepting two sacks yearly, which I receive from farmer Mills every Christmas."

"And what school does Johnny go to?" asked Frank.

"To the village school, sir: that is, when I can let him go; but if there is work to do, it must be done; and then I must keep him away."

"Does he get on well? does he like learning?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think he does; he is very industrious, and tries hard; he reads very nicely: and I hope that next winter he may begin to write."

"How old is Johnny? and how long has he gone to school, pray?"

"He will be eight years old next July, my little master: and he has gone to school whenever I could spare him during the last two years, but often, farmer Mills will give him a day's work; and then I must keep him away."

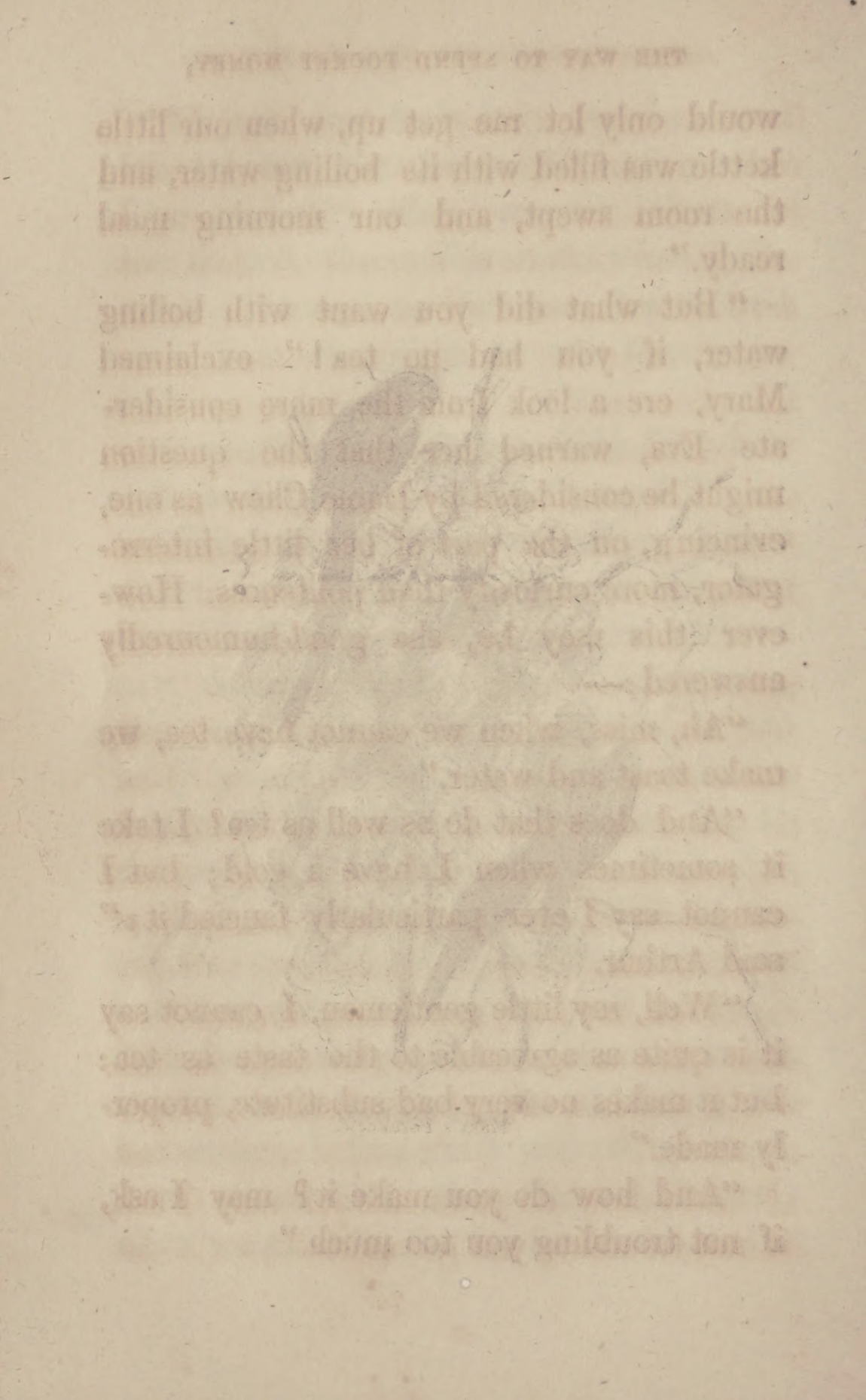
"Farmer Mills give him a day's work! why what can he do for a big farmer?"

"Ah, my dear little lady, poor boys and girls are not like the children of gentlefolks: necessity often compels them to learn to make themselves useful when quite young; Johnny, for instance, has helped me a little, ever since he was four years old."

"Since he was four years old! Oh! how could he help you at that early age?"

"Why ma'am, he would then gather sticks: or go on a message to the shop across the street, (for at that time we lived in a village) and occasionally fetch me a small can of water; for any one at the pump would gladly help Johnny to fill his pail: now he is of real use to me, for he not only reads to me out of the Bible, but he does a great part of the work in the garden; gathers all my sticks; brings me whatever water I require, and generally does the greater part of the cleaning in our wee-bit of a cottage: i deed during the last winter, I frequently suffered so much from rheumatism, that he would rarely allow me to make the fire for breakfast; but

Mary's Parakeets.



would only let me get up, when our little kettle was filled with its boiling water, and the room swept, and our morning meal ready."

"But what did you want with boiling water, if you had no tea!" exclaimed Mary, ere a look from the more considerate Eva, warned her that the question might be considered by Dame Chew as one, evincing, on the part of her little interrogator, more curiosity than politeness. However this may be, she good-humouredly answered:—

"Ah, miss, when we cannot have tea, we make toast and water."

"And does that do as well as tea? I take it sometimes when I have a cold; but I cannot say I ever particularly fancied it:" said Arthur.

"Well, my little gentleman, I cannot say it is quite as agreeable to the taste as tea: but it makes no very bad substitute, properly made."

"And how do you make it? may I ask, if not troubling you too much."

"I first, ma'am, *toast*, not *burn*, a small bit of bread, till it is a *dark* brown; then I pour a little boiling water on it, sufficient to soak it through completely: if the drink is for dinner, I afterwards pour fresh spring water over the soaked toast, but for mornings, Johnny and I often prefer hot water, particularly in very cold weather."

"Thank you, for your information: the next time any of the family have a cold, I will try your plan: our bread is *burnt* I think, for toast and water."

"People are apt to think that the blacker the bread is made, the better it is for toast and water, but this is quite a mistake: had I now a fire lighted, I would make you all some for a trial, but during this pleasant weather, we often do without fire whole days together; to save our scanty supply of fuel."

"But you said Johnny worked for farmer Mills occasionally! what can he do?—keep cows or sheep from straying away? He is such a little fellow!"

"Yes, sir, but many a penny has he already earned me by his work: sometimes

he picks up stones through the fields; other times he watches the cattle; then, Miss Mills has a garden, in which are a number of flowers, and in very dry weather Johnny goes and waters them of an evening: I think he brought me in nine-pence last week! this is not much you will say, but every penny helps; and as he grows older, I think he may get stronger, and then he will make more. He works very steadily."

"Cannot he do anything at harvest time? I turn over the hay!"

"Yes my little sir, but farmers do not like paying so small a boy. Last year he got one shilling for his hay-making, and very happy he was to bring it home to me. The mere fact of earning a shilling when not seven years old, and this in four days' work, made him, I believe, think he was already a man. Mr. Mills has promised to have him this summer, and Johnny assures me he will work so hard, that perhaps he may bring back two shillings; but I know he cannot do very much."

"I suppose he can glean a little, for that is easy work apparently."

"Yes, sir, he has gleaned the last two years, and I accompany him. Last summer, we gleaned enough to exchange for flour sufficient to pay for eight six-penny loaves. This was a good deal, considering that I was only able to help at the gleaning two days: I was ill the rest of the time, and Johnny went with the neighbors' children."

"How do you mean—you exchanged your gleanings for flour?"

"Why sir, the usual way is, to sift the wheat we have gleaned, in the open air, on some fine windy day; then take it to the mill, and exchange it for flour; after which the cottagers generally bake it for their own use; but I cannot afford enough fire for baking, and our baker kindly gave us bread in exchange for the flour I gave him."

"And do the gleaners always exchange their wheat for flour at the mill?"

"Not always, I believe, ma'am; occasionally the miller gives them the worth of the

grain they take him, in money: at least so I am told."

"Why do they not have the grain they have gleaned, ground for themselves?"

"Because, my little master, new wheat is not at all wholesome to eat; and the miller gives them flour which has been ground from the old grain; and he keeps the new, till such time as it is fit for use."

"But I should think you must feel very dull sometimes. What do you do all day, when Johnny cannot read to you?"

"Why, at such times, my little miss, I content myself as well as I can; many blessings are still left me. I can see to knit part of the time; then sometimes I pick up a few sticks, or I clean up the house, and then, rest myself, having prepared for my grandson's return. Surely I have no reason to complain, when my boy is providing for our necessities! I should like to read a little, but he always manages to read me a chapter of the Bible before he goes to his work, and he never fails to read me another when he returns, nay, unless

very tired, several more."

"But cannot you read in your Bible?"

"No, my little miss. Before my eyes became so dim, I could read very well in it, but now the print of it is far too small for my aged sight."

"Had you a Bible of larger print, do you think you could read in it?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I hope to have one before the close of the summer, for Johnny is much grieved that in his absence I should be deprived of the Bible, and so he has lately persuaded me to allow him to keep back the *half* of whatever he earns at farmer Mills', until he has sufficient to buy a Bible printed in large type: he has now got five pennies towards its purchase."

"Yes," cried Johnny, who at that moment came in with a basket of sticks, "here they are," and he ran to a cupboard and brought out an old broken cup containing three pennies and four half-pennies: "but grandmother dear, just now, a lady in drawing off her glove in the lane, dropped a ring. I put down my basket, and for-

tunately found it for her. Of course I did it without any thought of being rewarded, but the kind lady insisted on my accepting this beautiful fourpenny piece;" and he shewed, as he spoke, a bright new coin. "Now dear grandmother, do you not think I may add *all* these pennies to my hoard for the Bible?" and he looked eagerly at his aged parent for her permission.

"Why, you know, my dear," answered the old woman hesitatingly, "you require shoes that you may go to church decently attired, then, your second shirt is now completely worn out, whilst we owe the baker nearly one shilling; I do think we should do wiser to divide as usual."

"Well, dear mother, you are the best judge," said Johnny in a subdued tone. "I just thought for one moment, that perhaps, as *this* was not regular work money, the whole might for once go to the Bible. I wanted you to have one before I have to leave you, day after day, as will soon be the case, for I met farmer Mills half an hour ago, and he told me I worked so steadily,

that he would employ me after harvest, if I continued a good boy; he said he would give me one shilling a week."

"Thank God for all His goodness! for believe me, Johnny, and you also, young ladies and gentlemen, no blessing reaches us but through our Heavenly Father. Every pain we endure, every blessing we enjoy, is from Him."

"How much will such a Bible as you require, cost?" said Eva.

"Three shillings, ma'am: I never cared much for it before; as Johnny for the last two years, has read to me very nicely, and previously, I could read in the little one we have, very well indeed; but now, the one with a larger type will be very useful to me; however we must wait patiently; perhaps by the end of harvest, I may get it; that will do."

The brothers and sisters looked at each other, hesitated, blushed, and then, rising from their seats, each in turn, tendered their assistance.

"Perhaps" cried Frank, "we might be

The Children's Money not accepted.

able to help Johnny; here is two-pence halfpenny; I have not a halfpenny more to spare at present."

"And here is a silver threepenny piece to put in your broken cup."

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you, sir," exclaimed the delighted Johnny.

"I have but one single halfpenny left, it is almost too little to offer you," said Arthur, who generally spent his pocket money as soon as got.

"I have not one single halfpenny," said the little Mary, a tear gathering in her deep blue eye; but here are some sugar-plums for you;" and they proceeded to put the pennies into Johnny's queer-fashioned purse, but the old woman interfered.

"No, my dear young ladies and gentlemen, I should not like Johnny to take your money without your parents' leave. Yes, my sweet little miss," she continued, in answer to the discontented looks of Mary, "he may take your comfits, but no money."

"But indeed, the money we offer him is our own: we have earned it by our lessons,

just as much as Johnny earns his money by hard work."

"Of course, ma'am, I do not doubt the money being your own: but perhaps your parents might not like you to give so much away to a little boy."

"Then we will run home and see if they will not give us leave to do with our own as we choose; I am sure they will! Mamma and Papa are so good."

"Yes, that they will; and so you may expect us again this evening: Papa and Mamma are certain to let us do whatever we may like with our own money." And Frank followed Eva and Mary out of the little gate: Arthur turned to Johnny:—

"Do you like reading story books?"

"I have never seen one, sir."

"Here is a pretty little one, about a good plough-boy: I read it yesterday, it is mine, my Aunt gave it me, and said, I could give it away when I had done with it: we have all read it, I now give it to you." And without staying for thanks, Arthur vaulted over the garden gate, and within

three minutes, he had sprang on Frank's back. Taking a short cut through a field immediately behind their Uncle Richard's house, the children hurried home as fast as possible, for they were very eager to get their parent's leave to give their money to the poor old woman. They did not forget however, to stop in the field and bring away their baskets of violets.

EVA;

A SEQUEL

TO

A GOOD GRANDSON.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
HAYES & ZELL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

Trip meets Frank and Mary, and gives the former his handkerchief, which he had found.

CHAPTER I.

HEN they reached home, they found their Papa and Mamma on the lawn, playing with little Willie, and frolicksome Trip. "Dear Mamma, dear Papa," cried Arthur, after having almost squeezed the breath out of the baby in giving it one of his hugs, "we have had such adventures this morning! but, first let me tell you, we have found a poor old woman, who lives in a wee, tiny, hut; just at the bottom of a long lane running between the farms belonging to Mr. Mills and Mr. Drew: her cottage is so prettily situated near a brook; and"—

"You forgot to mention her grandson; and the pretty flowers in her garden: and that all is so beautifully clean and neat."

At this moment, the entrance of visitors put a stop to all farther explanation on the subject that evening, as the children retired to rest before the gentlemen took their departure. The following morning, the young people set off early on their appointed visit; and as they did not return till half-past ten at night, of course there was no opportunity of speaking about the old woman and her grandson at such a late hour. The next day, Mr. Graves requested that Eva should be allowed to accompany her mother and himself in a walk, which they had arranged to take through the village to a small hamlet, situated about three miles from their residence.

After paying several visits at the hamlet, they were returning home, when a pause in the conversation was broken by Eva:

"Papa, you and mamma have travelled a great deal, why do you not write a book about all you have seen, as uncle John has done?"

"We have certainly seen more than most people; but, Eva, it is not only necessary to have *seen*, one must also be able to express what one has seen in a clear and pleasant manner, in order to render the history of our travels an agreeable one."

"But, of course you could do that, papa."

"Not quite so certain, Eva, as you suppose; persons have often a very confused way of expressing themselves; for example, when Sarah asked your mamma to visit her cottage, even that simple request was couched in such a manner, that the good woman had to repeat it in an altered fashion three times, before it could be fully understood."

"But, papa, I can always comprehend what either you or mamma say, immediately; you express yourselves so very clearly! thus, *your* book would be easily understood."

"But persons, Eva, who speak clearly, do not always write in an equally clear

style; and again, many of those who can express themselves in a concise and agreeable way on paper, yet, in conversation, become tedious and obscure!"

"Ah, but papa, your letters are as clear as your words; when you wrote me those five long letters from Europe, I had no more difficuly in understanding their meaning, than had you spoken to me, instead of only having written."

"I tried to write in as easy a style as possible, that you might readily comprehend my description of all I had seen, that I thought would interest you; and I am glad to have succeeded in the attempt."

"And you will write a whole book of your travels: would not that be delightful! an account of every place you have ever seen, papa."

"I cannot promise you that, Eva, at least not now. I do not feel so certain of the commendation of the public, as I am of the praise of my little girl; thus, for the present, I shall satisfy myself with her approval.

"I wish your little girl could better appreciate than she does your beautiful compositions, papa. Oh, I do hope I shall one day express myself as well as you and mamma do, both in speaking and writing."

"You must *try;* endeavor to think clearly; to arrange your ideas with perfect order; and never commence speaking until you have selected the words you are going to use; thus, you will avoid *hesitation* in your speech, a most unpleasant defect, and one most difficult of correction; but see there, is not that Mrs. Gilsom? that woman crossing the stile yonder? Ah, she is coming this way."

"Good morning, Mrs. Gilsom; who would have expected to see you in this neighborhood so early in the day."

"Good morning, sir; good morning, ladies. I am come for my bread. The rain last evening prevented my coming after tea, as I most commonly do; and as my husband is at work five miles away, and he took his dinner with him, I dined

early, and hurried over here to my baker's."

"Your baker's! why surely you can get good bread at Crumpton!"

"Oh, yes, madam, we have excellent bread in the village; indeed, no one need desire a better quality than is to be found at Mr. Rawle's bakery."

"Then, why come a distance of three miles, to purchase what you can just get as readily within three minutes' walk?"

"Ah, sir, for the last nine years I have travelled this road repeatedly; at least four times a week, counting the journey's backwards and forwards. I have during this period, lived at Crumpton; and I have not bought a loaf of bread, excepting from Mr. Rawle, of this village; and I hope I shall be able to purchase from him as long as I live."

"I think you must like to pass your time on the high road, Mrs. Gilsom."

"Oh, sir, do not judge me too hastily; indeed, I have a large family, five young children, to help my husband to support;

and I would not needlessly spend a moment of my time; but in the present instance, I consider that I do not waste a moment. I repay a debt!"

"You interest me deeply; if there is no objection, might I beg you to explain yourself more fully?"

"I cannot have the least objection, sir; in fact, I take the greatest pleasure in giving the reason of my apparently strange conduct. You must know, sir, that my baker, Mr. Rawle, is a most excellent man. Some ten years ago, my husband was seized with a severe attack of illness, for many weeks he never rose from his bed of suffering; but lingered from day to day, between life and death; very often I thought his last moment had arrived! We were in great distress; all our savings being used up before the first seven weeks of his sickness had quite transpired; we were gradually forsaken by our neighbors, who wearied of so long a demand on their kindness. I had little rest day or night, and my strength was

beginning to fail me — strength, both of body and mind — when, fortunately, this good man—this thorough Christian—this excellent Mr. Rawle, became an inhabitant of Crumpton. A perfect stranger to us, he yet felt the deepest compassion for our situation; not only did he tender all the personal assistance in his power, sitting with my husband for hours after his own hard work was over, but he spoke most kindly to us; always ending his friendly advice with some such words as, 'be not discouraged, good woman; trust in Providence; better days will come.' For three months after he settled in our midst, my husband continued on his bed of sickness; for six weeks longer, his weakness was so great, that I never thought he could possibly rally; but for these eighteen weeks did our kind new friend tend the invalid with a brother's care; and for these eighteen weeks did our kind neighbor supply us with bread on credit."

"That was indeed kind; and he almost a stranger."

"Quite a stranger, madam, until he settled among us."

"It is not every one who would thus have trusted even old friends."

"Ah, madam, it was the kind *manner* in which we were trusted, more even than the actually being trusted. And again, he always had a word of comfort to give us; and what more consoling to those in affliction! I know not what would have become of us but for his encouraging advice; his generous conduct; his gentleness of heart. And now, madam, we have paid the baker; for, heaven be thanked, things have since that period mended with us, and we are at the present moment, comparatively speaking, well to do in the world."

"And what made Mr. Rawle leave your village?"

"He went security for a brother, the brother became unfortunate in business, and both parties were ruined. He was thus compelled to give up his bakery in our village; as, through his altered cir-

cumstances, he could no longer afford to carry on business on the same extensive scale as previously; and he then came to your neighborhood, hoping to obtain immediate patronage, as he well deserved to do, but among a more limited number, and for the most part, among a more humble class of customers than his former ones. However, though he has now been settled here several years, he has not so much business yet as he expected to have had, and as he requires for the support of a large family of young and motherless children, the four youngest of whom reside entirely with him; whilst the eldest are in situations where they earn a trifle towards their support."

"Then, your custom is really of no little consequence to him?"

"I regret to say that such is the fact, sir; and you will no longer be surprised that I take my money to him in preference to any one else; though I can get plenty as good bread within ten doors of our own home, and I have to travel such

The four motherless Babes.

a distance to fetch it. Yes, sir, I take my money to him, and I buy my bread of him; but had he her Majesty's business, I would still buy my bread of him, and of no one else; he was so kind and good to us."

"You certainly appear most grateful for the services rendered you and your husband, by this excellent man."

"Who could ever forget such kindness as we received. But the day is wearing away, and I have yet much to do. Farewell, for the present, sir; farewell, ladies. I must get my bread and go home to my children, who will all have got back from school, long before I return; and the little dears will be wondering what has become of me."

"Farewell, for the present. When we come here again, I shall not fail to pay you a visit. I should like to see your pretty garden. I have heard much of it."

"Oh, ma'am, it is nothing to speak of, when compared to your own, or such as

your own; but yet it is pretty, and it contains some very beautiful flowers."

"Your husband has a great fondness for flowers, has he not?"

"Yes, sir; and he understands how to manage them thoroughly. He was for many years under an excellent gardener in Scotland."

"Is he a Scotchman by birth?"

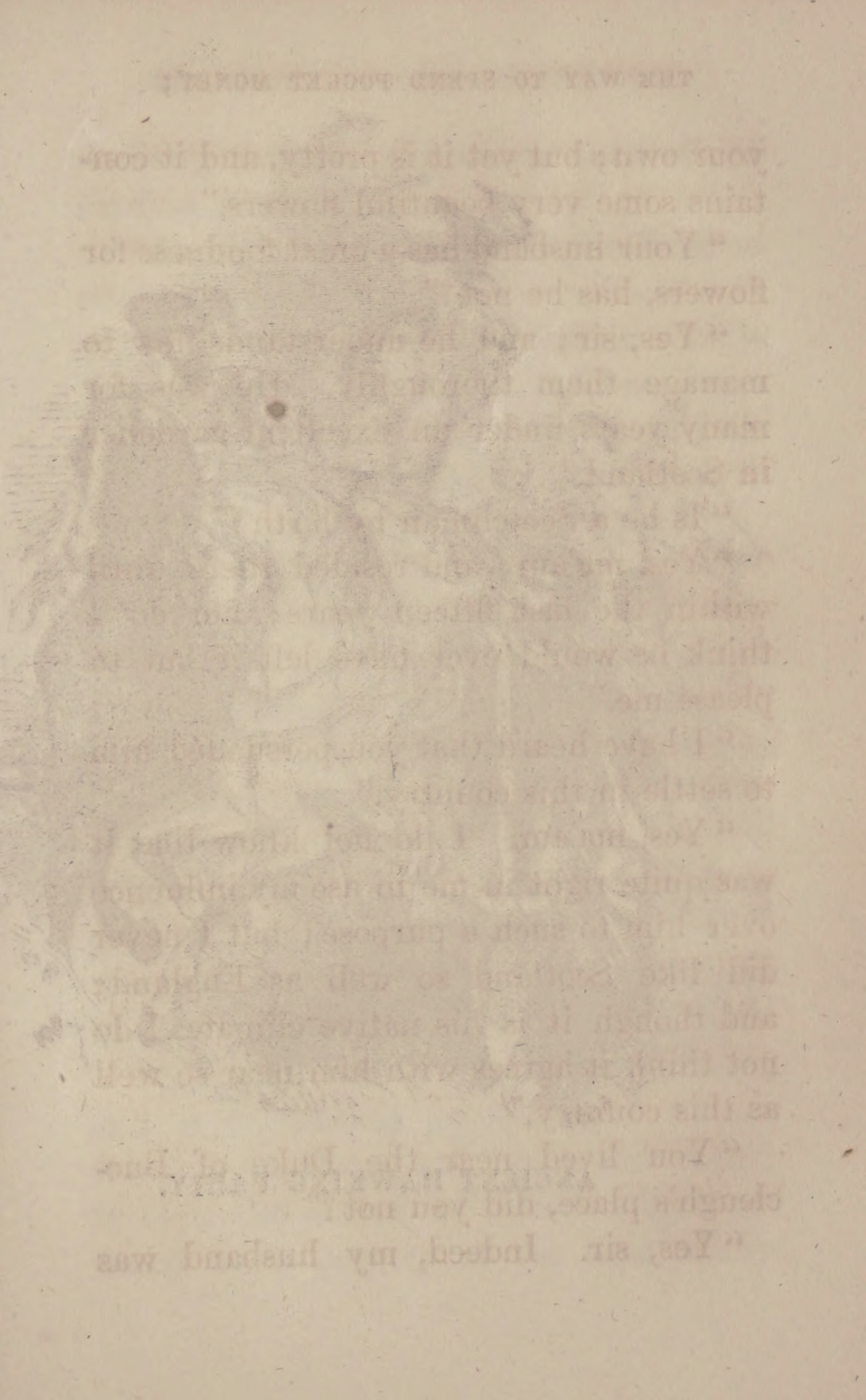
"Yes, ma'am; and resided there until within the last fifteen years; nor do I think he would ever have left it but to please me."

"I have heard that you persuaded him to settle in this country."

"Yes, ma'am. I do not know that it was quite right in me to use my influence over him to such a purpose; but I never did like Scotland so well as England; and though it is his native climate, I do not think it agrees with him near so well as this country."

"You lived near the Duke of Buccleugh's place, did you not?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed, my husband was



ANCIENT HAWKING PARTY.

working there until within a week of our leaving Scotland."

"Ah, I did not know that you lived so near as that!"

"Oh, it was at Drumlanrig Castle that my husband was for thirteen years under-gardener; having first learned his business from his uncle."

"Is not the castle very beautiful?"

"It is really magnificent, ma'am."

"Is there much ground about it?"

"Yes, ma'am; the edifice is surrounded by most extensive parks and plantations."

"And I suppose the walks and drives there were delightful?"

"Indeed, they were, ma'am; many a pleasant stroll have I taken over those picturesque grounds."

"And, yet, you were anxious to leave them!"

"Yes, sir; I never felt at home there; and as I observed previously, I do not think my husband had his health there; in fact, the attack of illness which reduced us to poverty at the time of my

boy's birth, and which had nearly placed my poor husband in his grave, was, I believe, the result of his long residence in Scotland."

"And is he quite satisfied here?"

"Quite so, now. At first he felt very much out of spirits at the thought of having given up his native land; but as his health improved, and he got more accustomed to the habits of this country, he gradually became reconciled, and at this present instant, he would not like to give up old England. But, hark, there is two o'clock striking! I must away, or it will be supposed I am lost. Farewell, sir; farewell, ladies, again."

"Farewell. I regret we detained you; but I could not help speaking of your little garden, of which we have heard so much."

* * * * *

"Papa, where did you get acquainted with Mrs. Gilsom? She was not a resident of this neighborhood formerly, was she?"

"No, my dear; but I knew her long before I married. She lived in my sister's family for many years as nursery governess, and a most faithful friend she proved to be."

"A friend! How so, dear papa?"

"Yes, Emily, a friend! The children were attacked by scarlet fever; a terrible disease! Their mother nursed them day and night, until her strength completely gave way; and had it not been for Annie, the poor things would have necessarily been much neglected; for their father was at the time absent in Russia."

"In Russia, dear papa; whatever could have taken uncle John to Russia?"

"He went there on business."

"And, papa, did he go to Moscow?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Did he see the Kremlin?"

"He did. But what do you know of it?"

"Ah, I have been reading about its grand palaces and churches."

"It is built in the centre and highest

The Kremlin. in Moscow.

part of the city; and is surrounded by high walls of stone and brick, two miles in circumference."

"And, papa, is it not within the city of Moscow?"

"Yes, my dear; but it is a kind of town within itself."

"Was it not very much injured at the time of some great fire?"

"Yes, at the burning of Moscow, in 1812; but it is now rebuilt."

"Papa, I do believe I was very rude in interrupting you about Mrs. Gilsom; but I had been reading about the Kremlin. It was in my lesson on history this morning; and having made up my mind to

ask you about it when you named uncle John's having been in Russia, I for the moment forgot all else, and thus broke in on what you were saying; but I hope you will excuse me. I will try and be more thoughtful. You were saying, my little cousins would have been neglected, but for Mrs. Gilsom."

"Yes. Annie, as she was then called, took the place of their mother, who was cast on a bed of sickness, from whence she did not rise for five weeks! In the meantime, Mrs. Gilsom supplied the part of mother, father and nurse. Finally, the whole family entirely recovered; and of course, your aunt's gratitude knew no bounds; but at the end of a twelvemonth, Annie was persuaded to visit a relation in Scotland, where she met the man who subsequently became her husband. She soon afterwards married, and went to reside with her husband, so that your aunt and I lost sight of Mrs. Gilsom for some years. In the meantime, my sister joined her husband abroad. I and your mamma

repaired to the continent; and it is only lately that I heard of Annie and her husband having removed to this neighborhood; for having been on the continent so much the last few years, we have known but little of what has been taking place in these parts."

"Papa, how happened it that you knew so much about all that Mrs. Gilsom had done, since she lived at my aunt's?"

"I used, then, to spend the greater portion of the year at my sister's; and when the children had the scarlet fever, I was there the whole time."

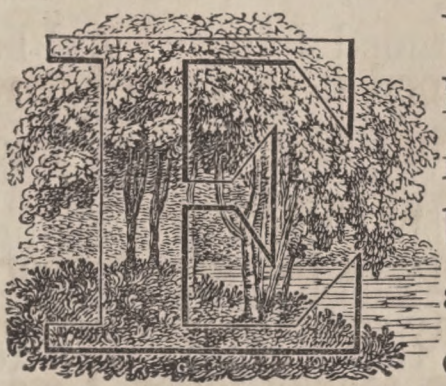
"And how old was Mrs. Gilsom when she first became my cousins nursery governess?"

"Only seventeen. But we had known her from the time she was six years old."

"What was her name, papa, before she married?"

"Hood—Annie Hood; her mother used to sew for our family by the week together, when I was a mere boy; and Annie occasionally spent a few days with us."

CHAPTER II.



VENING has arrived; lessons are all satisfactorily concluded; books are put away; and the family are once more gathered around their cheerful tea-table.

"Mamma, I was telling you the other night, what a nice little cottage and what a nice old woman we had discovered; but she is very poor; we thought you would help her; she would please you I am certain; she is so kind and obliging."

"Yes, mamma, she gave me such excellent bread, and such a cup of clear cold water, and she took so much trouble to make us comfortable; but Arthur forgot to mention her neat garden and her boy. I told him so the other evening."

"No, no, Eva; I did not forget; but I wanted to come to the point."

"And pray, what is the point?" demanded their smiling mother.

"Oh, mother," cried Frank—for the first time able to get in a word, "the old woman has got a grandson, named Johnny; and he reads to her out of their old bible; because his grandmother can no longer see to read in so small a print; but the boy is trying to earn money to purchase a new Bible, printed in large type, that she may read to herself, when he is working out in the fields this summer: for he is old enough to work."

"And he has got a few pennies, and I would give him some, but Mamma, I have not one! and Mamma, dear, now that I am a great girl, and as old as five years and one month, and do my lessons as I did yesterday, may I not have some half-pennies for good tickets?"

"Yes, my pet, you shall: when you say your lessons quite well, you shall have a good ticket; and each ticket is worth a whole half-penny. Hah, a visiter!"

* * * * *

"Mrs. Chew's Bible will cost three shillings?"

"No, my dear, I think, they are now so cheap, that *I* might get her one for two shillings, or, at the very most for half a crown."

"O, could you dear, Papa? how fortunate! but may we not all give some of our pennies towards the purchase of a Bible for this good old woman?"

"My dear Eva, you know, that neither your mother nor I, ever interfere with the wishes of any of you children, as to the way in which you spend your money, farther than by giving you our best advice, when asked."

"That is just what Eva told Mrs. Chew, but she would not let her grandson take our few pennies: so provoking of her!" cried Arthur."

"My dear boy; it is always right to keep on the safe side: it *might* not, and in the present case, it would *not* have been wrong in their having accepted the pence you all offered them: but there could be

no harm in their refusing your gifts, whilst in taking it, they *might* possibly, as the old woman thought, act improperly."

"She could not suppose that Eva and Frank would tell an untruth!" cried Mary.

"No, my darling;" responded her Papa, "but she may have supposed that their good-nature made them unthinkingly, or, unknowingly, over-rate their power."

"And, will dear Mamma give me some pennies? I will learn my lessons so very well! I want to give Johnny some money this evening."

"You must ask Mamma, dearest, when she has done talking to Eva."

"I was hearing Eva's account of these poor people: and am willing to aid in any plans, the children may agree upon, to increase the comforts of this poor old grandmother, and her good and industrious Johnny."

"Thanks, Mamma! thanks, dear Mamma!" was the general cry.

"Dinner will shortly be ready; go now, and prepare for it; and in the evening, we will talk the matter over; as we walk to the

old woman's cottage: for it is so very fine, that I do not see but what I may as well accompany you, the more particularly, as your father has an engagement."

Five o'clock, found the whole party, Trip included, on their way to the lane leading to Mrs. Chew's pretty cottage. Several plans had been discussed, but none had been decided upon; when Eva said, that they should all like to hear their Mamma's own plan, since there appeared some objection to each of those she and her brothers and sisters had proposed.

"Very well, my dear children, I will tell you the plan I have thought of, and I think it will suit you better than any I have yet heard proposed; but remember, should you not approve, you are not bound to act against your own judgments: I have told you, that I leave this business entirely to yourselves; with the exception of a little advice."

"Oh dear Mamma; you are so kind! but tell us *your* plan, quick, quick!"

"Patience, my dear Frank; and first, let

me say, that your plan of saving up money enough to buy Johnny a suit of clothes, is an excellent one; but then, Eva appears to think, that the old woman is worse off than her grandson for dress; whilst Mary wants Johnny to have some of Dame Gubbin's gingerbread! and Arthur thinks, the old woman wants some meat and eggs! Now, many weeks must elapse before you can obtain money sufficient to carry out all these well-intentioned plans: whereas, I think the one I propose, might answer all purposes."

"Name it, name it, dear mamma," cried out all the children.

"Not till our return to tea, for I must have papa's consent to my plan."

"Ah mamma! but what shall we do now, when we reach the cottage? see, there it is, just between those two large trees, and the old woman and her grandson are both at the gate, expecting us."

"Oh! for that matter, Eva, you can all give your pennies towards the sum required for the purchase of her Bible, but my plan refers to the future."

and, at the right season, you shall have as many as you like."

"Thank you. I used to have some plants, but on our removal to this neighborhood, I gave all I had to a little girl; and since being here, I have had no opportunity of making another collection."

"You had some beautiful geraniums, I well remember."

"Yes, Frank; and I think my roses would have borne comparison with any in our neighborhood."

"Indeed they would, Eva. Mr. Jackson, you even would have felt quite proud of such fine ones."

"I should like to have seen them, sir. But did you also part with them, Miss?"

"Yes, sir; with all my plants."

"I may not have such fine geraniums as you had; but you are heartily welcome to such as I have. When I send you your roses, I will likewise send you some geraniums; and any other plants I think may prove agreeable, Miss."

"Thank you very much indeed, sir."

"But I should like you to take a magnificent bouquet home with you this morning. Your mamma, Miss, I know, will be so pleased with one; she is very fond of flowers, I have undersood her to say."

"Oh, that she is; and we will take her a few, if you say so. One evening last winter, we had a delightful time at our cousins.' The two girls had gone to spend the day at their uncle's; when David, John and I, decided on giving their papa a surprise."

"What did you do?"

"We went, Frank, into the boys' own green-house, and there gathered a quantity of beautiful flowers for a vase; we then begged nurse Carrie to go with us to cousin Henry's house, which is situated at the other end of the village, and where they have a fine hot-house; there, we begged for two or three precious specimens of the old gardener's skill and care; when we hastened back, and having shown them to my aunt and darling little Emma, by the advice of the former, we

placed a pot of violets that had been given David, in uncle John's study; and the bouquet we put on the tea-table, where they formed the chief ornament for above a whole week."

"Is uncle John fond of flowers?"

"Very fond of them, Arthur; but aunt Selina told me, they had never cultivated many, on account of their having been on the continent so much."

"And are the girls fond of them?"

"Yes, indeed, Frank; they were as much pleased with them on their return home the next day, as papa was when he first saw them."

"Where did they go to, that they remained away the whole night?"

"They went, Arthur, to a lady who lives about ten miles from aunt Selina's. The girls often go there."

"But does their mamma like them to leave home so often?"

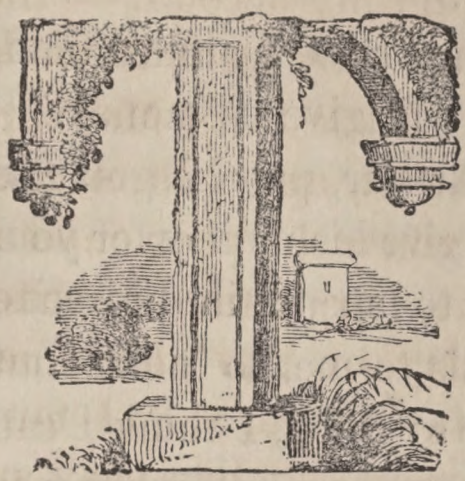
"They go to stay with a very old friend of aunt Selina's, Frank."

"But, I think, when they have their

cousin staying in the house, they might have remained with their guest."

"Oh, Frank; I would not have had them stay at home on my account — the more particularly, as they went to see a very great invalid. Little Ruth Manners has a spinal complaint, and lies on her back all the time; when the poor child is able to see any one, her mamma invites my cousins for a day or two at a time; but they never stay longer; and aunt Selina feels no uneasiness when they are away, because she can trust to their doing all she wishes."

CHAPTER IV.



THEY were soon seated round the table at their evening meal, and the children begged their mother to propose the plan that she had named, as requiring the consent of Mr. Graves, as well as their own. She at once consented.

"Now, my dears, I understood you to say, that you wanted to make this poor old woman and her grandson more comfortable than they now are, but each of you appears to differ as to what will most conduce to this comfort you are so anxious to procure for them. There is Eva thinks the old woman must have some new clothes; Frank wants Johnny to have a Sunday suit; Arthur would have them sit down to a nice rasher of bacon; whilst little darling Mary fancies

that their tea-table ought to be supplied with plenty of good gingerbread. Now, dear papa, how are all these different opinions to be reconciled?"

"Now I understand, now I understand, bravo! bravo! papa will give us money."

"No, no, master Arthur, papa is going to do no such thing as give his money for you, and the rest of you, to spend in presents, but as mamma appeals to me, to point out how you are all to be satisfied, I think I can show you a way, if you are all willing to work and to be industrious."

"We will work, we will work, but what work, papa?" cried the children in one voice.

"Patience, patience, I must tell you, I would willingly give you money, but then, you would be giving away my money, and not your own money; now I can give away my own money, without any help from any of you; do you understand?"

"Yes, papa; but we did not know how to get money enough by our lessons; and so thought you might kindly give us some;

but, as you say, *this* would be your giving help to the old woman, and not our giving it; we did not think of this!"

"So I saw, Eva; and therefore have pointed out your mistake: when people wish to give, it is their own purses they should first open: then if their own means fail, they may reasonably apply to others: do you not think this is quite fair, children?"

"Yes, Papa, yes; but we have opened our purses, and we have not money enough;" said several of the children—Mr. Graves continued—"you have not money enough, but your means have not yet failed, because you can work; you say you are willing to work, and I am willing to give you work, and to pay you for doing it: so you see, you have no right yet to apply to others for that help for the old woman, which you can easily obtain for her, yourselves."

"Papa speaks the truth, but how can we ever get as much as we require?"

"Why Frank, how much do you require for Johnny's suit of Sunday clothes?"

"Indeed Papa, I could not exactly say, but I suppose not less than twelve shillings.'

"And Eva, dear, what will you want for the old woman's dress, shoes, &c.?"

"I could get a tolerably good gown for three shillings, (for I do not suppose she will require it very full in the skirt,) then, I could get a pair of good shoes for five or six shillings, a chemise for eighteen pence, and a flannel coat for two and six pence: how much do all these separate sums amount to, Papa?'

"Nay, my dear, you can count quite as well as I can; sum up, in a minute!"

"Three shillings for the gown, added to five and sixpence, we will say for the shoes, will make eight and sixpence, and eighteen pence for the chemise, ten shillings: and two and sixpence for the flannel coat, twelve and sixpence; we might add the sixpence taken from the shoes, for an apron; this would make thirteen shillings! Oh, Papa, I could not get so much for work this year!"

"Now, my dear children, it is time for

me to mention my plan, at least, as it refers to the dress for Mrs. Chew and her grandson. I noticed Johnny's size, and I think Arthur's old suit would fit him very well; I mean the blue cloth suit, Arthur ought to wear it a short time longer, but I am willing to let it go for two and sixpence, Nancy shall put it in complete repair; his cloth cap may go for one shilling, and there is a pair of boots, quite too tight for Arthur, but which would suit Johnny, (for I observed the latter has a very small foot,) these boots are nearly new, but you can have them for two shillings; a shirt and pocket handkerchief can be got for a shilling, and Nancy shall make them; thus, if Papa consents to this arrangement, Frank's suit for Johnny will cost but six and sixpence!"

"Thank you, mamma, thank you; an admirable plan indeed! if Papa will consent, and will you not, dear Papa? I think I could manage to get six and sixpence."

"I consent to any arrangement mamma thinks proper, and I must say, Frank, that

you are a fortunate boy; but, Mamma, how does your plan affect Eva?"

"As I am going out of mourning, my gingham dress, which has been scarcely worn, would, with a slight alteration, make a very nice gown for the old woman; it cost, last spring, ten shillings: this, Eva can take for one shilling. I have also got a new flannel coat, which has been washed but once, but it was so badly washed, and thickened in the washing, that it is quite too thick for my comfort, as well as too short for me, from being so much shrunk; neither of these objections exist as regards the old woman; for her, the warmer, the better; whilst she is, at the least, six inches shorter than I am: now this coat I am willing to give for fifteen pence: boots, I have none to give, but your Aunt Kate left a pair of walking shoes here, which she told me I might give to Dame Jenkins; as I found that Mrs. Drew had just given her a pair. I kept Aunt Kate's, but they are very good ones, and I am almost certain that they will fit Dame Chew; so Eva can have them for

two and sixpence, which two and sixpence I will spend in a gown for Dame Jenkins; thus, you can have shoes, dress, and flannel coat, for four and ninepence."

"Thanks, dearest mamma, and two shillings for the chemise and apron added to the four and ninepence, would make six and ninepence! This is capital: if papa gives us work and pays us for it, there will not be so much difficulty in getting six and ninepence. But dear mamma, what can Arthur and Mary do?"

"Why master Arthur, what is it that you propose to do, as regards providing the good woman and her grandson meat?" Have you thought on the subject?"

"Indeed papa, I have thought on the matter, but thinking does not teach me how to obtain all the meat I require for Johnny and his grandmother; at first, I thought I should like them to have a meat dinner daily, as we have; but this evening I spoke to the village butcher, whom we met on his return from farmer Drew's; and I find that a daily meat dinner, would consume more

sheep than he pointed out to me as having just bought to supply the whole neighbourhood with mutton for two months! whilst even a Sunday meat dinner, would cost more for the year round, than I can possibly manage without assistance. I almost despair!"

"Never despair, my dear boy; despair helps no one! perhaps mamma has some plan for you, as well as for Eva and Frank; though I own I cannot imagine how, even her prudence can surmount the present difficulty."

"But we never heard you speak to the butcher, Arthur? cried several of the children."

It was when you hid yourselves to watch the little bird persuading its young ones to fly up to it."

"But dear mamma, have you any way of helping me? please think."

"I must admit Arthur, that you have given me more difficulty than any of the others; meat is very expensive; and after much thought, I have come to the decision,

The whole party now soon gained Mrs. Chew's humble dwelling. She greeted them with heartfelt gratitude, and Johnny made his very best bow and brightest smile, as Mrs. Graves put into his hand a new sixpence, whilst the little ones added to it their pennies and half-pennies, for little Mary had coaxed her mamma out of two of the last named coins, as a reward for her having commenced learning lessons the previous day.

"We will see you again soon," said the rosy-faced pet," and I will bring you another half-penny whenever I have one given me, Johnny."

"Johnny, all this money you get to night is for the purchase of the Bible: have you not got nearly enough to purchase it? I think so."

"Let him count, Eva. I think, too, there must be almost sufficient."

"I will count for you," cried Arthur, taking Johnny's useful old purse out of his willing hand, just as the latter was about to count his riches. "Here are seven pennies,

and mamma's sixpence, which make one shilling and one penny." "And here, sir, are the young lady's;" "Another silver piece! bravo! this makes one and four-pence:" "And the little lady's, sir," said Johnny, giving Mary's two half-pennies. "One and five-pence:" "and the young gentleman's, now sir." "Come, this makes one and seven-pence half-penny, and here, Johnny, is the only half-penny I have. I do wish it was more; but you are welcome to this."

"Quite enough, sir; do not distress yourself at there not being more; I never had so much money of my own before. One shilling and eightpence! And this morning I had only five-pence. My grandmother will soon have a Bible."

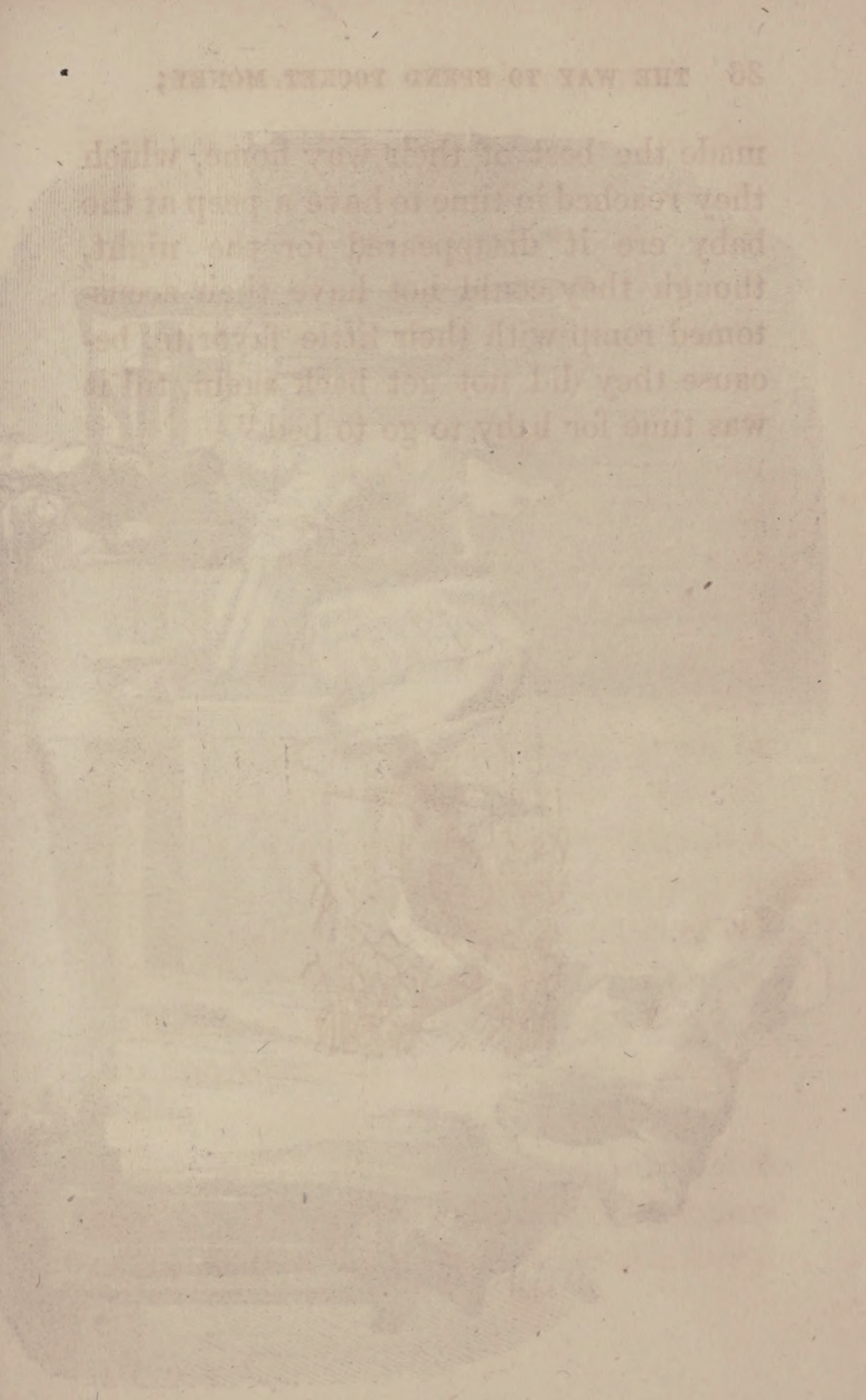
"I hope so, my dear," said Mrs Graves. "I am sure you cannot spend your money better than in providing your kind parent with a Bible, such as *I* can get you for half-a-crown, and such as she can read herself, during your absence: but, my dear little boy, you must not give up reading the

Bible yourself! You must read it daily, for in the Bible those things are written which, if properly attended to, will save the soul from hell, and you may learn through the contents of that precious book, so to live in this world as to attain lasting happiness in a future life. Bread feeds the *body*, but the Bible feeds the *soul*, and the soul is far better than the body, for the body must die, and go down into the grave, but the soul never dies. So, my dear boy, continue to read your Bible daily; you are happy in having so excellent a grandmother. And now, my children, let us hasten home, or your father will be waiting tea. But do not allow your son to forget my advice, nor your own instructions: fatigued with a day's work, he may feel inclined to neglect his Bible, an error which may lead him to neglect it wholly."

"Indeed, ma'am, we will read our Bibles together," said Mrs. Chew, and they did.

The whole party at once took leave of their new acquaintances, to whom they promised another early visit, and then they

made the best of their way home, which they reached in time to have a peep at the baby ere it disappeared for the night, though they could not have their accustomed romp with their little favorite, because they did not get back again, till it was time for baby to go to bed."



CHAPTER III.

THE following morning, it being the pet's birthday, the children begged for a holiday, on condition that they would work industriously the next week.

"I should much like to give Johnny a winter coat."

"I know, Frank, how we could."

"How, Eva?"

"Uncle John told me, that if I would find out what you two boys would like for a present next Christmas, he would feel much obliged to me; so, if I say, you both want a jacket for a boy, he will send you the money."

"Are you agreed, Arthur?"

"Quite, Frank; and much obliged to uncle John. And now, dear Eva, one of your stories."

"Never was a person so persecuted for stories! However, I must yield to numbers; but, Mary, allow me ten minutes for rest. Last winter, our cousins gave me no peace; and now, you are as bad."

"That is a dear, good sister! but be very quick; one, two, three of the minutes are already gone; you have only seven more."

"Ah, Edward, you must not torment dear Eva."

"I was only urging her not to waste time, Frank."

"Did you hear any fairy stories, Eva?"

"Yes, Mary; the old woman of whom I speak, sometimes told us one on a cold winter's night."

"Ah, nothing more delightful than a good story over an excellent blazing fire."

"I am afraid, Frank, we could not always command the blazing fire."

"Then, how listen to tales on a cold blustering night, *Mistress* Eva?"

"We were quite warm, Frank, indeed; for I assure you, we had a nice stove,

and nurse Carrie related stories to us frequently after we were in bed."

"But, mamma says, children should sleep when in bed."

"We were in bed a great deal."

"But why so?"

"You know, Arthur, that we had the measles?"

"I was very sorry for you, dear Eva. I should not like to go to bed before it was time to go to sleep."

"Indeed, there is nothing so very bad in going to bed, if one can only hear stories! but nurse Carrie would not always relate them; Laura had headaches and Tommy suffered from the weather."

"And did not you suffer, Eva?"

"Much less than they did, Mary."

"We heard they suffered very much."

"Yet, they were very patient."

"Are they quite recovered?"

"Quite so; and cheerful as ever, Mary."

"Are they very lively?"

"Oh, yes, Frank; and they were so very kind to me."

"And you liked being there?"

"Very much; though I missed you all, Frank."

"I am glad you have returned. I like to hear you speak of our kind cousins."

"They were, indeed, very kind, Arthur."

"We must show our love and gratitude to them, next week, by striving to give them as much pleasure as possible, when they visit us."

"We must, indeed, Frank. They would never let me thank them."

"Have you thought of a story, dear Eva? But Frank speaks."

"A bright thought has just entered my head! Do you not recollect a very pretty garden, belonging to Mr. Fenton?"

"Just by Mr. Hare's, Frank?"

"The same, Eva; there are some beautiful roses there this summer, besides a splendid collection of various kinds of flowers; let us pay his garden a visit; it is not more than a good five minutes walk out of our way."

"But, Frank, dear; is it wise to prolong our walk, even a short five minutes?"

"Oh, yes, Eva. In this case, we should be acting most prudently; because, the last time I saw Mr. Fenton, which is only ten days ago, he told me he was going to Scotland; and that we might visit his gardens when we liked, and that the gardener would give us some flowers. So you understand, Eva, we may rest there."

"I am agreed, then. For how long has Mr. Fenton gone away, Frank?"

"For three months, Eva; and the children have gone with him."

"Is the gardener a pleasant person?"

"Very much so, indeed, Eva."

"I remember the grounds; though I was never there but once."

"Oh, Eva, you would have been delighted in seeing all the magnificent hothouse plants they reared last Christmas."

"I hope I may see them this next winter, Arthur."

"Yes; and we shall have so much more fun if you are at home with us.

The house is so dull without you, in comparison of what it is when you are here, dear Eva. Little Mary, there, scarcely sings in your absence."

"I hope my health will not oblige me to leave home again; for though I enjoyed myself on many occasions, yet I frequently wished to be with you all; and I often thought of the pleasant evenings you were spending without me. But there is the house."

* * * * *

"You can take just as many roses as you wish to have; the family being away, we have no use for them here."

"But yet it seems a pity to deprive you of them."

"Never think of that, Miss; look at the numbers we have! You would, perhaps, like to have a few cuttings?"

"I should feel much obliged to you for some, if you are certain you can spare them."

"No difficulty on that point, Miss;

that it is wisest to help Johnny in the first instance, and then, to let him provide meat for himself and his grandmother for the future."

"But, mamma, dearest mamma, whatever can you mean?"

"A porker, fit for fatting for bacon, would cost about nine shillings, but I think that a little pig costing about six or seven shillings would do for Johnny, as he and his grandmother have ample time to take good care of it. I would allow him the slops from this house whilst we are here, and perhaps he might pick up some food for it in the lanes, as well as bedding; which bedding will be useful hereafter for manure. In the winter, during our absence in town, Thomas must have a boy to help him, for his own son has a situation under a coachman, and thus Johnny, during the four severe months, will have to assist our old gardener, for about a couple of hours a day; and for this, he will receive one shilling a week. Now this sum will enable him to feed his pig when he cannot get food otherwise; and either he

can kill his bacon, or he can increase his stock! whichever he likes: will this plan answer?"

"I never thought of Johnny's keeping pigs! mamma; but if you think he can manage to do so, why it must be a good plan for them: only think, for Johnny to own a pig! it is enough to make one laugh —the very thought of such a thing! But mamma, he is to work at farmer Mills's after harvest, and then, the pig will not give them meat at once; these are objections."

"They seem so, indeed; but perhaps we can remove them, old Thomas knows Johnny to be an excellent grandson; and he would willingly accommodate his hours to Johnny, he says the boy can come before or after his regular working hours: as regards the meat for the present, this is a more difficult matter to deal with satisfactorily, but, perhaps you can think of some method to remedy the evil."

"Excuse my interrupting you, mamma, said Mr. Graves, but how are Mary's wishes

to be carried out? if I knew what you had planned with respect to her, I might perhaps, assist Arthur in his difficulty—a great one; since the old woman and Johnny both require meat at once; though your plan is an admirable one for the future."

"Why papa, if you are willing to pay for work, I suppose Mary can work as well as other people; and then, I thought she might purchase so many bread tickets, and Dame Chew and Johnny could use them for bread or cakes, as they choose!"

"An excellent plan, and now I think, I can hit upon a way to smooth all difficulties. Eva wants six and ninepence; Frank, six and sixpence; Arthur, we will say, will want seven shillings; and pray, what may my little darling want to give every Sunday? I should say, a penny's worth of cakes, or a roll, a very good and useful present for her to make: will this do, dear Mary, think you?"

"Yes, dear Papa, if you say so; will not Johnny and his grandmother be glad?"

"They will, indeed, my dearest child;

and I hope you, each of you, will feel as glad as the recipients of your bounty—glad, that you should have been enabled to assist the distressed widow and helpless orphan—and glad that you should have fulfilled the commands of God, who bids us give to them that need it."

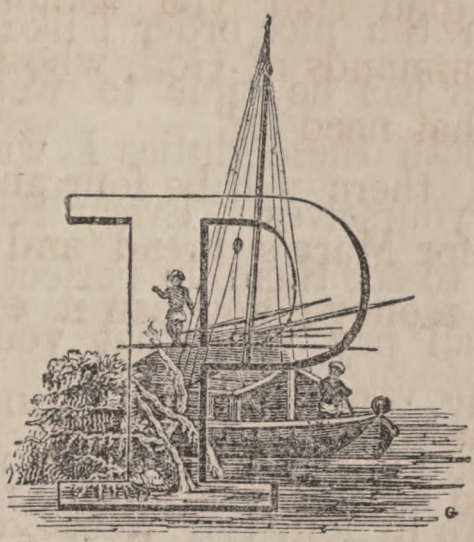
"But papa, there will be four and four pence wanted for Mary's bread and cakes, besides all our money; how can it ever be obtained?"

"I think the whole will amount to one pound four and seven pence; eh, Arthur?"

"Yes, papa; that is it. Eva's six and nine pence, and Frank's six and six pence make thirteen and three pence; and Mary's four and fourpence will be seventeen and seven pence, and my seven shillings will bring the whole to one pound four and seven pence. Is it not a great sum for us little children to make?"

"It is indeed; but you must all remember, that the object for which you make it is great—to help the aged and the orphan, and to obey God's commands!"

CHAPTER V.



"PAPA, when Mr. Burdett came in, you just observed, that the money we required, will amount to one pound four and seven pence?"

"Yes, Eva; you will want all that?"

"We have settled how to get John a thick winter jacket."

"So Frank was telling me, Arthur; a very good way. Your uncle will be glad to send you so useful a gift."

"And, papa, it is the same as giving our own money, is it not?"

"Yes, Arthur; but you must labor yourselves if you want the one pound four and seven pence."

"We will, indeed, papa;" responded the elder children; "but how is it to be made?"

"Thomas is growing old; he cannot, even with the assistance of a boy, keep the gravel walks in the nice order I like to see them in, neither has he time to weed the flower beds: both these duties I wish you to take upon yourselves. Every Saturday night I expect to see them in perfect order, and then I shall pay you what you have earned, namely, one and nine-pence per week. This rate of pay will make up the sum you require in fourteen weeks, excepting one penny."

"One penny, one penny," cried little Mary, "mamma must please give us that."

"Agreed, and moreover, this is Friday, the seventh of May. If you commence work on Monday, you will complete your work towards the end of August. Now Eva's birth-day is on the twenty-ninth of August, and I will give you two days' holiday, the first, to make your preparations, and the last, to take your presents to the cottage. I will also carry them some tea and sugar,

EVA'S BIRTHDAY.

half a pound of the former, and six pounds of the latter, and Mrs. Chew shall make us some tea."

"Thanks, thanks," shouted the young people, "but papa, how shall we set about our work? had we not better divide the walks between us?"

"No, Frank, not exactly that, I should think. I should advise you and Arthur to take the gravel walks, and work together, whilst Eva and Mary will get on better in the flower beds, there being more shade in those parts, but of course I only mean this as a general system; sometimes you can all unite in the same work, or any way you like. Mary is too young to work by herself, whilst Arthur is too rash, and might pull up a flower, instead of a weed."

"But papa, dear, what about the meat for the present time, dear papa?"

"To be sure, Arthur, I must not forget that part of the business. You get good tickets for each lesson you say perfect every day, and I give you sixpence a dozen at the end of the week for all you present to me.

BALTIMORE ORIOLES.

Now henceforth I will double this sum, since I find you know how to make a good use of money."

"And will you pay us for the odd tickets also Papa?" cried Arthur, who had hitherto rarely obtained the coveted dozen; for though he often said a perfect lesson, he quite as often said an imperfect one, and the result was, that he not unfrequently lost the tickets he had previously gained; for Arthur was quick enough, but very inattentive; and when this was the case, his parents made him forfeit a ticket for a badly said lesson; as they were anxious to cure their little boy of his bad habit.

"Yes, young rogue, I will pay for odd tickets too, with mamma's permission; and this will give you a chance of getting more than you have hitherto done: but Arthur dear, I hope you will try and get over your inattentive habits—unless you take example from Johnny, I shall be much disappointed. Now, if you take the fourth part of the money you get for your good tickets, I think you will make out to buy

an excellent Sunday dinner for Johnny and his grandmother, what think you?"

"Indeed, sir, your plan is an admirable one, let me count; if I am careful, I may get tickets for my French, Latin, Greek, arithmetic and history, five days in the week; then, for my geography, writing, astronomy, spelling, and verses, three days in the week; not forgetting my composition on Saturdays; and my dancing, of course Papa?"

"No, no, sir; you are not going to make me pay for an amusement, Frank!"

"Very well, Papa," answered Frank, laughing! "I can get four and threepence a week, if very attentive; now if the other three will make up as much, we shall have two and one penny halfpenny a week to spend on the sunday dinner for our new acquaintances, and a good dinner it will buy!"

"Not so fast, young man; not so fast, you forget that you have several weeks whole holiday throughout the year, and many half holidays. Now you will have to

provide against these interruptions to your earnings, because you will agree with me that it will never do to deprive them of their accustomed dinner for your idleness."

"True, true, dear papa, but what shall we do, set aside part of the money?"

"Yes, I should think one shilling will buy them an excellent piece of meat for their dinner: the rest can be put aside: and should you have any thing over at the close of the year, you can spend it in a few additional comforts for Christmas. They will be very acceptable at that cold season."

"But papa, will one shilling buy enough meat for the two?"

"O yes, Arthur, quite sufficient! and if they have bacon, or some of the inferior parts of fresh meat, they could easily make a shilling's worth last two days. I hope, children, the plans proposed, entirely meet your approbation?"

"Oh, yes, papa. Indeed, both you and mamma have planned admirably:" cried Eva. But her mother, at this moment, interrupted Eva, saying:—

"I have a proposal to make, that I think, a very reasonable one. I propose, that whichever of the four, gets the fewest bad tickets through the week, shall carry the old woman's dinner to her, on the Saturday afternoon; of course to be accompanied by the rest of the party."

"Agreed, mamma, agreed!" answered the young people, in one voice.

"And, my dears, I have another proposition to offer to your acceptance: I do not approve of giving to young people, without their making some return, unless in cases of illness. It teaches them to depend on others, instead of on themselves. If, therefore, you could any of you think of some trifling work for Johnny to do, I should feel much obliged to you, and I have no doubt but that the boy would feel better pleased to do something for what you give him, than if he should receive it as a mere gift."

"But papa, would you have him work out the whole shilling?"

"Certainly not, Arthur. What is given for the old woman may be a free gift, and

do no harm. She is now quite too aged to supply herself with necessaries, let alone comforts: thus it is our duty, and should be considered as one of our greatest privileges, to assist her in obtaining such trifling luxuries as may tend to enable the poor creature to pass her remaining years in some kind of comfort, but with Johnny the case is different. Though unable at present to earn sufficient for his own maintenance, each day that passes adds to his ability to do so, and one must be careful, whilst we aid his temporary wants, to teach him self-reliance."

"I heard nurse say yesterday, that if possible, she should like some one to help her draw baby in his carriage early on Sunday mornings, he gets so very heavy, and she does not like to keep Susan from doing the rooms, as it would make the latter late for church. Could Johnny draw him? If so, he would work a couple of hours, or rather less, for his dinner."

"This will do capitally, Eva, moreover, it will not prevent his attending church. And now, my dear children, as we have settled

the particulars of this important business, we will have prayers, and retire to bed: little Mary is nearly asleep. Next Monday, you must commence work in real earnest."

"Yes, indeed, and we must not forget the twenty-ninth of August," exclaimed more than one young voice.

Mrs. Chew's latter years were rendered happy by Johnny's industry and affection.

MAMMA'S BUDGET

OR

DAILY READINGS

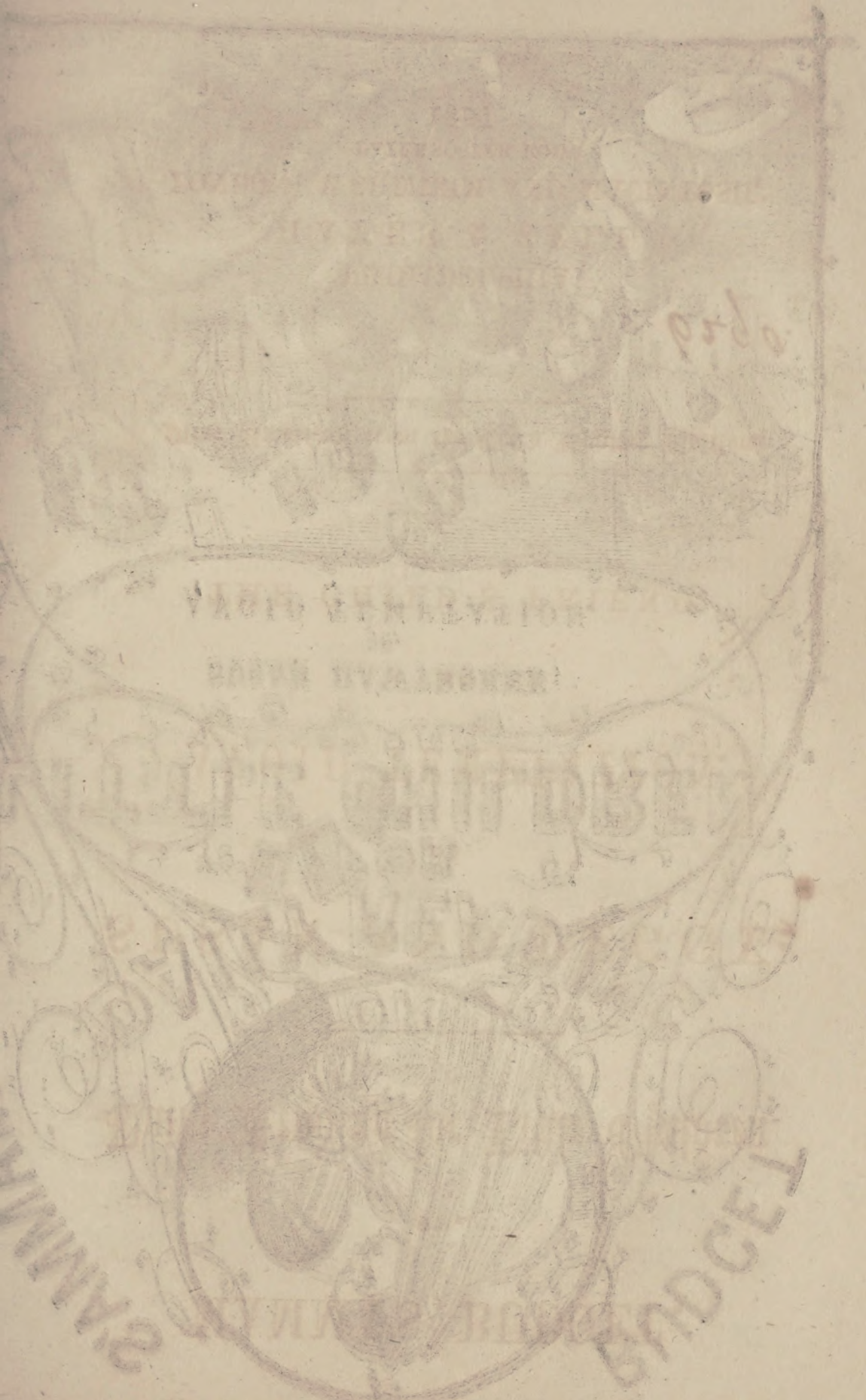
FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN

SUSAN HAWTHORNE;

OR,

AVOID TEMPTATION.



MAMMA'S BUDGET,

OR,

Daily Reading for Little Children.

SUSAN AND PEGGY;

OR,

AVOID TEMPTATION.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
6290.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
HAYES & ZELL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

Peggy vainly tempts Susan to disobedience.

AVOID TEMPTATION,

OR

SUSAN AND PEGGY.

CHAPTER I.

SUSAN was one morning sitting at her mother's cottage door, busily engaged in taking off a little white sock from her knitting needles; she was singing away as happily as the pretty feathered songsters that crowded the neighbouring hedges, and was endeavoring to finish her piece of work, by the time of her parent's return from market; she had about a quarter of an hour's work to do, and rarely lifted her bright blue eyes from her needles. Suddenly she heard her name called, and on looking up, saw on the opposite side of the lane, one of her young playmates: who called out cheerfully:

"Come Susan, come quickly, Susan; I have to take this bundle of clean linen to the Hall: the young lady there, has a most beautiful wax doll, which shuts its eyes, and I believe, opens its mouth too, just as though it were a real baby; I am to see it, and if you come with me, you will most probably see it also. It will be a sight worth looking at, the clothes are so very grand, that they might be for Miss Fry herself, so I am told; but make haste, we have not a moment to lose. Get your bonnet, quickly!"

"How will you get to see it?" said Susan, who had crossed over to her friend.

"Oh, you know my cousin Jane is nursery-maid at the Hall, she was at our house on Sunday last, and she told me that if I could persuade Dame Shaw to let me take some clean linen to the Hall, she would ask Miss Fry to allow her to show me this beautiful wax doll."

"Indeed, I should like very much to see it, said Susan; but I cannot: for mother told me to try and finish this sock before she returned."

"That will not take you long, I can wait five minutes, if necessary."

"But mother also desired me to keep within sight, for that when she came back from market, she should want to send me on an errand."

"And when do you expect her back from market?" asked Peggy.

"I cannot say in the least, she may be only half an hour; but then, I think it not at all unlikely but that she may call in at the baker's on her return; his wife, you know, is very ill; mother was there a couple of hours yesterday evening, and it is probable she may step in, on her way home, and enquire if she can help them this morning, or if she will be wanted again this evening: should mother do so, I have no idea when she may return."

"How very provoking! This is indeed unlucky!" exclaimed Peggy.

"It is indeed unlucky;" answered Susan sorrowfully: "but Peggy dear, could you not wait one half hour? mother may be back by that time."

"Impossible! Sue, impossible! I would, indeed, if I possibly could."

"Is the clean linen wanted so immediately, then?" demanded Susan.

"Why, not exactly that;" murmured Peggy: "but you see," she continued in a more decided tone, "you see, I made an excuse to leave school an hour earlier than usual, and I cannot easily play the same trick again to day."

"But does not your mother know of your having excused yourself for leaving school; you would not do so without her permission?"

"Why, you see, the least thing frets my mother; no, I did not name the subject to her, no use! I just told the mistress, I had business at home; and I should not like to run the risk of doing so a second time in one day."

"But could you not leave the bundle safe at your mother's just for one half hour? my mother may be home again by that time; and we should still have time to get to the Hall, and back again in time for school."

"I tell you again, my mother does not know I am out of school!"

"But Peggy, you will tell your mother, will you not?" demanded Susan.

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no; just as it happens. But I shall certainly go to the Hall first: so come along, Sue, without more talking, we are late as it is; Jane told me I must be there by twelve, or after four, for she is generally engaged at other times. Get your bonnet quickly."

"If you would but wait till after four?" pleaded Susan.

"Mother will not let me stay from school; and the mistress told me just now, that if I was again required at home, I must take a message on paper from one of my parents; so this is my only chance to see the doll: for to-morrow, they all go to Southampton for a month, and thence to Havre."

"I am afraid I must miss seeing it at all, Peggy, but you can tell me all about it, when you return. I dare not disobey my mother, and she bade me remain here."

"I am certain your mother would let you go, if she were only here:" urged Peggy.

"I think she would, if she could possibly do without me; but unfortunately, she is not here, and she told me to keep within sight until her return: besides which, I know mother wants to send me on an errand; and it may be of consequence! no, no, I dare not venture; I must not disobey my mother!" cried Susan.

"I tell you we shall have returned long before your mother returns from market; and she will not know of your absence, unless you tell her."

"But of course I should tell her, Peggy; and if I should not tell her, and she should never know that I had disobeyed her orders, yet God would know! He bids us obey our parents. I dare not disobey God: no, though I should be wicked enough to disobey my mother, which I would not willingly do. Indeed, Peggy, I am very sorry, but you must, I suppose, go without me."

"What need of being so very particular? do you think God cares about such a trifle

as whether you go to the Hall before, or after your mother's return?"

"God cares whether I break his commandments, or whether I keep them. He knows all we do. He watches over us all the time. He sees us at this very moment. Peggy, I dare not displease Him. *I will not* go with you now."

"Well, well, just as you please; but I think you are a simpleton for your pains, that is all I have to say on the matter."

"How can you think I am a simpleton for my not being willing to disobey God and my mother? Peggy, you know it would be wrong."

"I know that I do not think myself much more wicked than other people; and I am sure that I do not see there is any such very great harm in taking a bit of pleasure *quietly*; and trying to prevent a fuss being made about a mere trifle. But, indeed, *you* have no need to do things slyly, for your mother is so very easy tempered that she never makes a fuss; you are a real lucky girl, and a real silly one into the bargain, or you

would profit more from your good luck than you do. I am sure I should."

"Mother is very indulgent, and never denies me any pleasure she can give me."

"Then why not come along with me? surely this is a pleasure she would not deny you. Why Susan, Jane tells me the doll has a wardrobe full of splendid silk dresses, and two beautiful cloaks, besides lots of fine clothes."

"I should like to see them, as I said before, but since I cannot, I must content myself with hearing your description of them all when you return."

"Well, well, good morning for the present; I must say you are an obstinate simpleton. But I must make haste there and back again, or mother will miss me."

"Good bye, dear Peggy. I do wish you would tell your mother everything as I do. I am sure you would be more happy if you did, and it is right to do so."

"Well now, *I* think it is right to keep peace as long as one can," replied Peggy.

"But why should your telling your mother everything break the peace?"

"Because, you see, Susan, my mother is not such an easy-tempered person as your mother is, nor am I so wanting in *proper* spirit as you are. But I cannot talk longer now: I will see you again, and tell you all about the beautiful doll, and its wardrobe, and all."

So saying, Peggy left her disconsolate friend, for it must not be supposed that Susan did not much regret being unable to comply with her playmate's request. On the contrary, the temptation to disobey her kind parent, and to break God's commandment, had been so strong, that for a few moments the struggle between duty and inclination had nearly ended in the triumph of the latter, when happily, she obeyed the voice of conscience, a monitor to whom we should *never* neglect to listen.

CHAPTER II.

O sooner was Peggy hidden from Susan's view by a turn in the lane, than the latter slowly returned to her seat, and wiping away a couple of large tears that forced themselves unbidden to her eyes, once more resumed her knitting. Though feeling less cheerful than usual, she felt quite satisfied at having refused to accompany her friend; she knew that she had pursued the right course, in staying within sight of home until her mother's coming back from market, but she could not immediately recover her spirits after her late disappointment, for she had hoped that during Peggy's stay in front of their cottage, her mother might have returned, and allowed her to go and see the beautiful doll and all its fine things.

Susan's Cow.

However, she worked away at her sock, and by degrees her usually bright countenance again assumed its wonted happy look. At the end of fifteen minutes her socks were completed, and the next moment her mother fortunately returned. Susan hastened to assist her parent, by taking the basket from her, and having set it down, stood ready to receive her tired mother's shawl and bonnet, which she dusted well, and then placed carefully by in their tidy chest of drawers.

"Did you call in at the baker's, mother, dear?" asked Susan, after her mother had sat down a few minutes, and appeared a little rested, for the morning was warm, and her long walk had rather fatigued Dame Hawthorne, who was not strong, but who never liked to send Susan to the market town unnecessarily.

"No, my dear, I had not time, for as I was leaving the town I met Mrs. Fry's housekeeper. When we were young, we used to be great friends, but it is now many years since we met, for she has been living

abroad with Mrs. Fry. She tells me that she is going to remain now, to take care of the Hall during the absence of the family for the next few months: and as I had a pair of your socks in my hand, she looked at them, and said, if I took several pairs to the Hall immediately, she was certain her mistress would buy them for her little grandson; have you more finished?"

"Yes, mother; here is a pair I completed whilst you were out; but how happens it that you brought that pair home again? I thought Mrs. Sleet wanted three pair for her baby, and you took no more with you."

"True enough, Susan, but Mrs. Sleet only kept one pair of them; these she thinks are rather too small; I was a good deal disappointed on her telling me so, for I knew you wanted the money very much, but as the thing has turned out, it is quite as well; for by Mrs. Mace seeing a pair of them in my hand, you will have obtained a new customer; and this is very fortunate."

"Indeed, mother, it is; I do hope I shall be able to get father a new pair of cloth

trowsers by his birth-day. Am I to make the other two pair for Mrs. Sleet's baby? I do not know how I have made such a mistake."

"Yes, you are to make them by the end of next week, and they must be a trifle larger than either of the two pair I have brought back again."

"And, mother, when you go to the Hall, might I accompany you?"

"Yes, surely, child: but why do you particularly want to go this morning? Mrs. Mace said she should be happy to see me there, whenever I could find time to pass an evening with her, and I think it would be wiser for you to wait till the family have gone, you could then see more of the place."

"Oh, but it is not the place I want to see this morning, mother: I want to see a great wax doll that belongs to Miss Fry; Peggy has gone to see it:" and Susan went on to tell her mother all the information she had herself obtained from Peggy, respecting the wonderful doll and its wardrobe; and how Jane had promised to beg her young

lady to permit her to show it to her cousin; and how Peggy had wanted to persuade Susan to go with her.

But this latter did not tell her parent that Peggy would have persuaded her to disobey the order she had received from her mother. To have told this fact would have done no good to anybody, and without some such motive Susan would never have spoken of her playmate to her disadvantage, nor would her mother have wished her to do so. Both knew that Peggy had bad faults, but unless with a view to try and remove them, neither mother nor daughter ever talked of the failings of others, even between themselves. Often Dame Hawthorne's influence prevented Peggy from being as wilful and disobedient as she would otherwise have been. The girl's own parents were themselves afflicted with most violent tempers: they had spoiled their daughter when quite an infant, and she had grown up as unmanageable as any girl of thirteen years of age could well be. They had at last found out the folly of their own

conduct, but they could not very easily remedy an evil that had been of such long standing; from the time Peggy had reached her tenth year, their cottage had become a scene of daily wrangling—the parents violently opposing their child's obstinate independence, whilst she would brook no restraint, and to avoid their just, but often too angry remonstances, would often have recourse to deceit. Mrs. Hawthorne, did not think she was a very profitable companion for her own girl; but she pitied Peggy, for having being so over-indulged as a young child; whilst she knew she possessed several excellent qualities. She was grateful for any kindness shown her, and though disobedient to her parents, was fond of them; but early bad training had ruined a naturally good tempered child.

After considering for a few moments, Mrs. Hawthorne observed:—"Susan dear, if you want to go, the best way perhaps will be for you to take the socks yourself. They are your own knitting, and I am sure you have a good right to present them your-

self to Mrs. Fry. But as regards the doll, I hardly know what to advise; I do wish I had been at home when Peggy was here, you should certainly have gone: yet I scarcely think you should be so bold as to ask Jane to beg her young lady to show the wax doll. It is different in Peggy's case, inasmuch as they are related, and besides, Jane offered to obtain her a sight of the pretty toy; however you can take your chance, I can depend upon your not being too forward; so get ready, dear."

"But mother, will you not come with me? I thought you were coming."

"So I was, Susan; but if you go, there is no necessity for my doing so, and it is now nearly twelve o'clock; I should be sorry that we were both of us out on your father's return from his work; I will at once set about preparing dinner, that he may not be detained, for I know he is very busy to-day."

"I cleaned the knives and forks, they are in the near drawer; and I washed the potatoes; can I do any thing more before

I go, mother? I forgot, I may make up the fire, you will be wanting it in a few moments."

"Do so, my dear; and then put on your sunday frock, and a clean white pinafore, before you set off for the Hall. You will probably see the housekeeper."

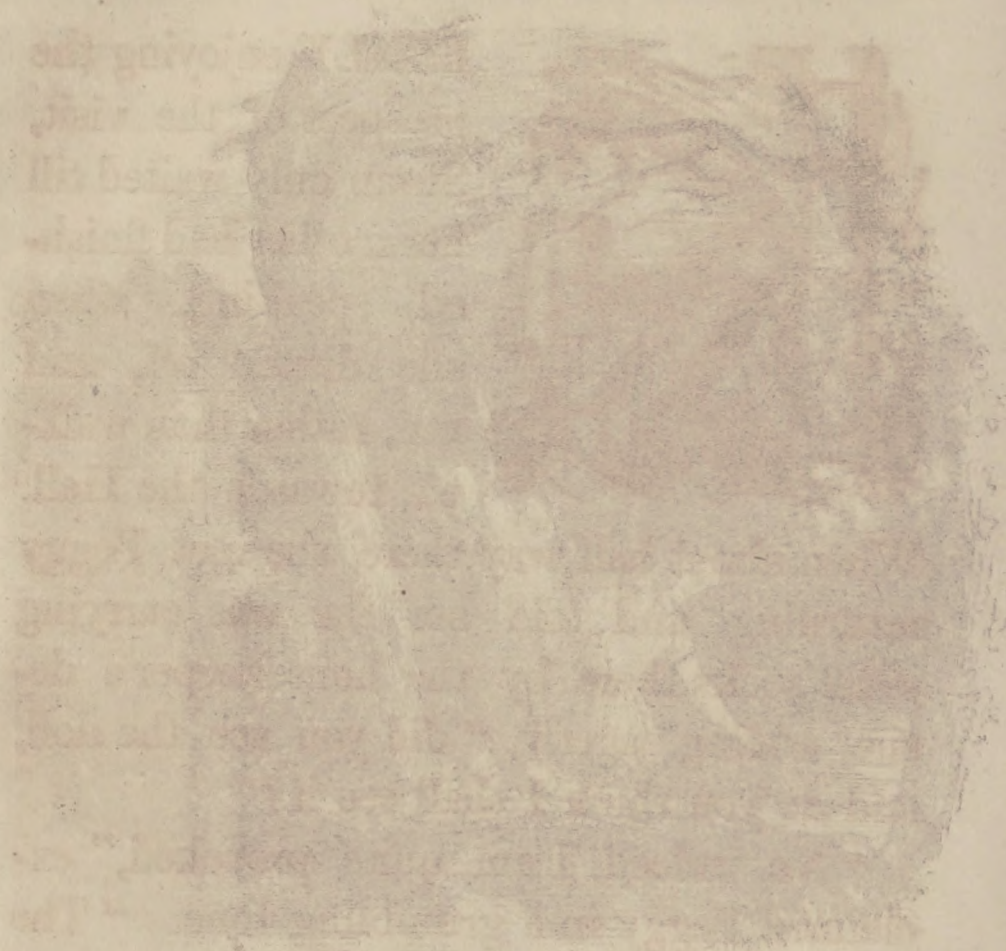
"And shall I put on my sunday bonnet, mother? my shawl is so very old."

"Yes, put on your white sun bonnet; and do not forget to brush your shoes."

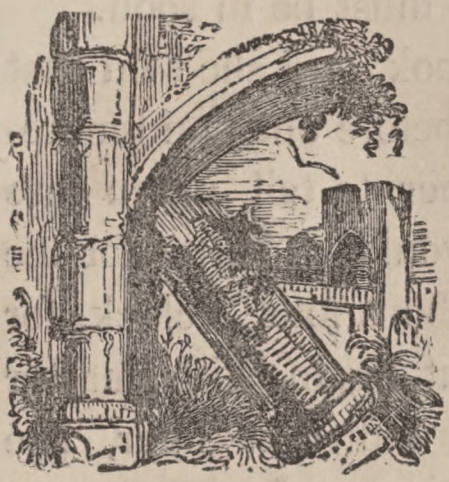
Susan made up the fire, and then speedily equipped herself for a visit to the Hall. She feared Peggy would have come away, before her own arrival there; but yet Jane might have been engaged, and so have detained her; and this Susan sincerely hoped might prove the case, as it would be her best chance of seeing the beautiful wax doll. When quite ready, her mother gave her the three pairs of little white socks, neatly folded up in a piece of clean paper; she then kissed her, and bade her lose no time on the way, but to return as soon as she could, "for you know your father

always liked you at home for meals, even when you were too young to sit at table, and though I were absent at work. Your father will not come before one to-day, we shall dine at that hour: be in time for grace, if possible; were you not when little, you got no pie!"

Susan gathering Water-cresses for her Father's breakfast.



CHAPTER III.



EENLY enjoying the prospect of the visit, Susan only waited till her mother had finished speaking, when she darted off, and ran, rather than walked, towards the Hall. When about half way there, she met Peggy returning, and told her she was carrying some socks there by the housekeeper's desire, adding eagerly, "did you see the doll, and do you think I shall see it?"

"No, indeed, I am quite provoked," exclaimed Peggy in a grumbling tone. "The head nurse has chosen to fancy that she has a very bad cold to-day, and then, as the family leave to-morrow, she chooses to think that it is safer she should not run the risk of increasing it by taking master baby out this morning, and so she has sent Jane out

with him: and so I have missed the doll. It is too bad!"

"But she cannot keep the young gentleman out all day. She must be in soon."

"I only saw the cook, and she said that Jane would not be in before one; and moreover, she had desired her to tell me in case I went there, that it would be better for me to call this afternoon about four o'clock, for that she should be out again with master Chester before then, and that later, she should be engaged packing up for to morrow. Now is it not provoking? I am so sorry."

"Indeed, I am very sorry for your disappointment, but I think that had you waited until now, she would perhaps have managed for you to see it."

"So the cook said, but you see, Susan, I dare not wait longer now: had I told mother before I went to school this morning, she would have made a great fuss about it, but perhaps she would have consented; or I could have coaxed father, but to have played truant in a manner, and to stay from home till after dinner, will make them both so

On her return home, Peggy meets her father, who indignantly shows her his unmended sleeve.

angry that I shall have no peace for weeks."

"Why not go back at once, and beg them to let you leave school an hour earlier this afternoon, and then you can return to the Hall at four, and I am now certain mother can spare me to accompany you. Do, Peggy, will you?"

"I scarcely dare make the attempt; father bade me mend his waistcoat on my return from school, ere he should come back to dinner; for he goes to a funeral this afternoon; but you know, I could not do it before I went to the Hall; and I intended to get back in time to begin it, at least; I could have completed the job after dinner, but as I waited nearly twenty minutes, till I could see the cook, who was engaged with her mistress when I arrived, it is now too late to touch it till I have dined. It is past twelve. Father must be in before this, and he and mother will both be angry at my having loitered on the way from school, as they will suppose. I wish I had told mother some way."

"I wish you had, Peggy, indeed. It is

better to tell mothers every thing, I think."

"Well, it cannot be helped now. However, you will be at the Hall by half past twelve, and if you wait a few minutes Jane will probably have returned, when you can tell her of my disappointment, and say, she would oblige me, by doing for you, what she promised to do for me; and thus you can see it."

"But I cannot wait till near one o'clock, for mother and father like me to be home in time for dinner; and though I know they would excuse my staying on such an occasion, yet I do not like to disappoint them; particularly father, whose work just now, keeps him away more than usually; he goes off by five, and never spends more than twenty minutes in the house at dinner time, whilst he rarely gets home of an evening before eight; and I go to bed at nine."

"Well, then I suppose it cannot be helped; we shall neither of us see it. I cannot but think you are silly; but it is useless talking, or endeavouring to turn you from your own way, when you have made up your mind that a thing is right; and to say

truth, you are perhaps, on the whole wiser than I am—certainly, I cannot boast much of my management to day."

"Hurry home and tell your mother all about the doll; and I will call in after dinner. I do not despair of her being persuaded to give you an excuse."

"The girls separated; Peggy, returning to parents she had deceived and disobeyed; whilst Susan, ran along at such a speed, that another five minutes found her within the gate of the village churchyard, whence Dick Wells was watching his employer's sheep, and which was near the beautiful grounds of the Hall, when she soon reached the kitchen.

On arriving there, and naming her business, she was at once ushered into the housekeeper's room; here she found Mrs. Mace, all good nature and kindness to the daughter of her former play-mate and early friend. Willing to do the Hawthornes a favor if possible, she herself repaired to the apartments of her mistress, and showing Mrs. Fry the pretty clean socks, asked if she might not send

the child who had brought them, for her mistress to pay, as she was such a nicely behaved girl, and the socks were of her own knitting. Permission was readily granted, and the delighted Mrs. Mace returned to her room, whence she immediately conducted Susan into the presence of the venerable Mrs. Fry, who was much pleased with the tidy appearance and modest manners of our little friend.

"What do you charge for your socks, pray?" asked Mrs. Fry of the blushing Susan.

"Ten pence a pair, ma'am, is what I always get; but you can have them for less, should you not like to give me so much:" and Susan made a second courtesy.

"And how many pair do you manage to knit? you have brought me three pair."

"I only began knitting socks last autumn ma'am; and since then, I have knit a pair a week. Sometimes I cannot quite finish the second sock on Saturday night, but then I do not play on the Monday, until the last stitch is completed."

"And I am sure you have adopted an excellent plan of getting through your work: but tell me what you do with the money; or perhaps your mother keeps it?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; mother lets me spend it as I like:" answered Susan.

"And is the way in which you spend it a secret? if not, I should like to know."

"The first twelve and sixpence I received, I spent in a couple of large flannel waistcoats for my father; he had a bad attack of rheumatism last spring: his waistcoats were very thin, and I thought new ones would keep him well."

"And I hope your industry and good intentions were rewarded by your father's getting through the winter without another attack of that bad complaint."

"He had a slight attack in November, ma'am; he did not get his new flannels until late in January; but he thinks he is all the better for them: and he says, they feel very comfortable, and he was very glad indeed to get them."

"I have no doubt but what they feel very comfortable, and I think he is fortunate in possessing so industrious a little girl; but you have not told me what you have done with the rest of your earnings, may I not know, my dear?"

"Please ma'am, I have only twopence remaining of my earnings."

"But how so? one pair a week since autumn, would amount to how many pair?"

"I began early in October ma'am, and I finished my thirty-eighth pair this morning; that is the pair you hold in your hand, ma'am."

"Thirty-eight pair! well, you have only accounted for the spending of twelve and sixpence; but tenpence a pair, for thirty-eight pair, would amount to thirty-one and eightpence. I do not comprehend your having only twopence remaining."

"Please ma'am I have to pay about sixpence a pair for the wool."

"True, true; I forgot about the wool: but how did you contrive to buy your father's waistcoats so soon as the end of

January? and they costing twelve and sixpence?"

"Please ma'am, mother advanced some money she was keeping for rent."

"And where do you find market for all your socks in this quiet place?"

"Several ladies in the neighbourhood have purchased a great many from me, ma'am; the rest I sell to a couple of shops in the market town. They will take as many as I can make."

"And do they give you as much as your lady customers for your work?"

"Yes ma'am, but the ladies kindly allow me to make theirs quite plain; whereas, those I make for the shops, are many of them of very difficult patterns indeed."

"And may I ask one more question—Pray how are you going to spend your next earnings? I am curious to know what plan you have in view."

"Please ma'am, I want to buy father a pair of very thick cloth trowsers against the winter comes on; he sometimes feels a touch of pain in his knees, and as his best

trowsers are of rather fine cloth, and have worn very thin, I thought if I could get money enough to buy the materials, a neighbour of ours would make them for a trifle. I have paid mother back all she had advanced."

"And how much will the materials cost you, and also the making?"

"I can get the materials for ten shillings, and Bill Corbit will make them of evenings for eighteen pence; this is small pay, but he is good-natured to me."

"Eleven and sixpence you will require, why to obtain this sum, how many more pairs will you have to make? more than you think for, I am afraid."

"No ma'am, I have counted them already: I must make thirty-six pairs."

"You were nearly nine months making the first twelve and sixpence, when do you expect to get these finished? I fear the winter will have passed ere you can possibly complete them; that is, unless your mother can advance you money again."

"Mother will not be able to advance me

so easily this time as she did the last; but then I begin nearly fourteen weeks earlier than I did last year; nor do I want quite so much this time, and perhaps if I can get six or seven shillings by the end of October, our draper will let me have the cloth, and allow me to pay him the remainder as I earn it. I know Corbit will wait for his money willingly."

"And pray, how long does it take you to make one of these pair of socks?"

"I can make them in thirteen hours, ma'am, if I keep steadily at it; I hope soon to make them in twelve. Some that have more pattern in them than these have, take me nine hours each sock. They take less time than when I began."

"But if you are so anxious to get a pair of warm trowsers for your father, and the most difficult socks only take you eighteen hours a pair, it appears to me that you might make more than one pair a week: could you not?"

"Please ma'am I go to school, then I help my mother what I can, and I can only

knit in my play time; and indeed I would gladly knit the most of my play hours till I have got the trowsers for father: but mother will not hear of it. She says I must have proper exercise, and that father will not thank me for any work I do, if I do it at the expense of my health. I may get up as early as I like, and often I get an hour's work done before school time; the remainder I do at odd times."

"If your mother says you are not to give up your exercise you are quite right to obey her: but you look a strong child to me; I do not see why she should be so anxious about you, yet of course she is the best judge."

"Please, ma'am," interposed the housekeeper, who had just again entered the room, "Dame Hawthorne, this girl's mother, has lost all her children but this one: she is far from being a strong person herself, and though Susan, here, looks hearty, she was a very puny baby, her mother tells me, and nothing but the greatest care has made her health what it now is."

"And the poor father does not seem free from suffering, what is he, Mace."

"An excellent carpenter, ma'am. Not one in a hundred can work so well."

"But he does not appear able to buy even the necessaries of life, considering the state of his health. I do not comprehend this in so skilful a workman as you represent him to be. Have they had any particular difficulties to contend against?"

"I understood from the grocer, that Hawthorne has paid all the debts of a deceased brother, and that he has likewise provided for several of his orphan nephews."

"That is indeed sufficient to drain the purse of even a well-paid carpenter. I wish, Mace, I was not going to run away so soon again: were the health of Miss Emily once established, I would settle down here, and see a little to the necessities of my poorer neighbours. Perhaps in a few months more I may be able to do so; the physicians give me hopes that after next winter Miss Emily will be able to remain in England without further risk. I think I have heard you speak

of these Hawthornes before, have I not?"

"Yes, ma'am, she and I were great friends when young; her parents were very kind to me, and as I had neither of my own from the time I was a baby, they used to let me spend many a week in their cottage, when my aunt could spare me."

"And what kind of a man is her husband? does he belong to the neighbourhood?"

"No, ma'am, I believe he comes from the south, nor have I ever seen him: the week I have been here, has been such a busy one, that I have not called on one of the neighbours, but I met Sarah Hawthorne this morning in the town.'

"Did you not say that you went to school, my dear?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I have gone to school regularly the last five years, except occasionally when I had to stay at home to help mother, on account of her being ill."

"To the village school?"

"No, madam, I go to a Miss Raymond's: she is very poor, and oftentimes very ill; and my mother thought that

by my going to her cottage, it would be a great assistance to her, for she is a cripple."

"And what may your mother pay Miss Raymond for teaching you, my dear?"

"Threepence a week, ma'am. If she taught me writing, I should have to pay sixpence, but father teaches me writing and arithmetic almost every evening after his return from work. Miss Raymond teaches me spelling, reading, and a little geography, besides sewing and knitting. She taught me to knit socks."

"And how many scholars has—this Miss Raymond? I suppose you are not the only one."

"Oh no! ma'am; she has five besides me. She had thirteen last quarter."

"And do they all pay her threepence a week, as you say your mother does?"

"Some of them, ma'am, learn writing, and those pay her sixpence each."

"And what days do you go to her, and how many hours does she keep you in?"

"We have holidays on Saturdays: morning school is from nine till twelve, and in

the afternoons we go in from two till four; sometimes it may be a little later before we get out, but very rarely beyond a quarter past."

"They stay in longer at the parish school, do they not?" asked Mrs. Fry.

"Yes, ma'am, they stay in till five, but then they have whole holidays on the Saturdays. I have not been to school this morning; Miss Raymond is gone for a few days to see a relation who is not expected to recover from an attack of cold."

"I think you said your name was Susan, Susan Hawthorne, did you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am always called Susan. My name is Susan Maria."

"Well, Mace, I scarcely know what to do now; but had I known of this little Susan's being such an excellent knitter, and such an industrious child, I would have obtained her some work among several of the different members of our family, but it is too late, I fear; I bespoke so much for the cook's niece."

"Really, ma'am, such a quantity as Mrs.

Mrs. Clayton's Travelling-carriage.

James and Mrs. Henry require, might well have been divided; I think they ordered twenty-four pairs of worsted stockings between them! but really, ma'am, I did not know what sort of a girl Sarah Hawthorne's was. Indeed, ma'am, I have not seen Sarah since I entered your service, and that was long before this child's parents were married."

"And yet we spent several summers and autumns here, previous to my husband's delicate health. Where was your friend all that time, Mace?"

"She was travelling on the continent, ma'am, with Mrs. Clayton's family, as nurse. On their return to England, they paid a long visit to the brother of Mrs. Clayton, who lived in one of the southern counties, and there Sarah fell in with Hawthorne, but she would not marry him, if he insisted on her leaving her parents; so, as his own were dead, and Mr. Clayton promised him his work, and he was then having a great many alterations made in the old family house, Hawthorne consented to come and stay in

the neighbourhood, during the life-time of Sarah's parents."

"And here they still reside! are the parents then yet alive, Mace?" asked her mistress.

"No ma'am, but when the Hawthornes had been married about two years, the village carpenter died suddenly; and as there was no one belonging to the place who could exactly fill his situation, Hawthorne decided on taking advantage of the opening thus afforded him; and here they have remained ever since. As long as my Aunt lived, she occasionally told me how they were getting on when she wrote, but for the last nine years, I have heard little or nothing of them, until I met Sarah this morning, when I asked the grocer a few questions respecting them."

"Well, Susan, I cannot do much for you till my return from the continent next spring, but then I shall probably be able to get some work from friends of mine; in the mean time I will give you an order for six pair of little worsted stockings, that they

may be ready against my grandson wears shoes in the autumn: when finished, bring them to Mrs. Mace, and she will pay you for the knitting them; the worsted I shall give you as soon as my daughters return from their drive, when I will also obtain from Mrs. Chester, a pattern stocking. What must I pay you for them a pair?"

"Whatever you please, ma'am; and many thanks for your kindness. Father and mother will be so pleased, and I shall have as much knitting as I can easily do till autumn, and that without working for the shops: I can do the plain knitting so much more quickly."

"Have you any others ordered then, besides these six pair?" asked Mrs. Fry.

"Yes ma'am, I have two pair to make for a Mrs. Sleet, and three pair to make for a Mrs. Gore, and four pair to make for the twins of a lady living a great way off; but I am to take them to Mrs. Gore, when finished, and she will forward them."

"Well, suppose we say that Mace is to give you eighteen pence a pair?"

"Oh ma'am, that will be quite too much! the stockings are plain knitting; and though I have never knit any, excepting for ourselves, yet I do not think they will take very long."

"The worsted is very fine indeed, and though the knitting is plain, it will be tedious, and will take longer than you expect: so let it be as I said, eighteen pence a pair. and moreover Mace, should she require it for her father's trowsers, you may advance her the money; and she can complete the six pair at her leisure."

"Oh ma'am, I can never thank you sufficiently: then, my father will certainly have his new warm trowsers by his birth-day; and I shall not have to beg the draper to trust me for the remainder of his money: and father always prefers things being paid for at the time."

"But you must not omit to let me have the stockings by November, Susan."

"They shall be done ma'am, and marked also, if you will allow me to try my hand."

"Well, be it so; and now you can retire

to Mace's room till my daughter comes in: yet, stay, I must not let you go, without paying you a trifle for having to detain you from your work; I had no idea your time was so valuable, when I sent for you; here is a shilling for you; it can be added to your store of earnings, or you can spend it in any other way you like; I should wish you to tell your parents, that I think you a good little girl, and that you do them much credit; and now step away—but hark! I hear a carriage; probably my daughters; just see Mace, will you?"

Mace went, and returned in a few moments, preceded by Mrs. Chester, and by Emily Fry, the latter being an amiable looking child of about thirteen years old. The wax doll, which Peggy had spoken of to Susan, was a present from Emily's aunt, Griffiths, and though getting almost too old to play with it herself, yet she took great pride in showing it to her little friends and cousins, and she kept all its things in as good order as though it were her sister Chester's baby boy, instead of its being only

a beautiful wax doll. Thus, when her young companions came, the doll, its wardrobe, and its pretty bedstead, were always sources of amusement, and when the rest of the family were engaged in packing during their many journies in the last few years, Emily had busied herself in packing her doll's furniture; for she had been taught to give as little trouble to the servants as possible; and she was only allowed to carry about a number of toys, on the express condition that she never unnecessarily occupied the time of a servant with them.

"Louisa, my dear," said Mrs. Fry to her daughter, when this latter had said they had met their sister Julia, walking in the park: "here is a little maiden I want some work for; if you will let me borrow that little pair of stockings you purchased yesterday for a pattern, I will let her knit half a dozen pair for Maurice."

"Willingly my dear mother; but she appears very young to use such fine needles as master baby's stockings will require; why she does not look above nine years old."

"Please, ma'am, I was ten years old three days ago:" cried Susan, who began to fear that Mrs. Chester seemed afraid to trust the knitting into her care.

"Yes, Louisa, and I must say, for a child of ten, she is an excellent little girl; not only does she knit well and earn money, but I am happy to say, that she applies her earnings to the very best of purposes—the assistance of an invalid father."

"Indeed mother, I am glad to hear so good an account of any child; I will hasten up stairs and get the pattern for her: so excellent a daughter deserves encouragement."

"Please ma'am," cried out the blushing Susan on hearing herself thus praised, "I do not know how I could otherwise spend my earnings than on father or mother; and mother thought father stood more in need of warm clothing than she did, and this is why I gave the flannel to him, and why I am now going to get him the trowsers."

Mrs. Chester smiled on witnessing the anxiety of the child to account for her filial

piety; but she gravely answered: "There needs no apology my little woman, for your applying your earnings to such a good use as might be expected from a dutiful and affectionate daughter: but you know some children might have spent their earnings on finery for themselves; or in cakes, or candies, without thinking of their parents: or they might have preferred idling away their time, and have earned nothing."

"Ah, ma'am! but then they could not have had such good parents as I have."

"Your parents my dear, must be good ones I think, since they have brought up their child so industriously, and so well disposed as you appear to be: but now I will get the pattern, it is getting late; and I fear there may be rain ere you get back."

"Stop my dear; cannot Mace get the pattern? you appear tired; tell her where to get it: meantime, look at these pretty little socks, I have just bought from Susan here:" and Mrs. Chester having directed Mace from which of her drawers to fetch

the pattern stocking, next examined the socks, but ere she could speak, Emily, who had advanced on her mother's opening the white paper, said:—"Oh, mamma! what pretty little socks, how I do wish I could have some like them for my wax doll; may she not make me a pair, dear mamma?"

"Really Emily, I do not know whether Susan can make them sufficiently small, you must ask her; indeed, the safest way would be for her to take the measure of your doll's foot. Do you imagine you could then make a pair, Susan?"

"Please ma'am, I think I could after two or three trials, if not immediately."

"Well, mamma, then I think I will have two pair, one white, and one pink and white: and how much does the little girl charge for knitting them?"

"Oh she must answer you herself, on that point; these cost tenpence a pair."

"Please Miss, I shall be happy to make your doll's socks for nothing; the lady has been so very kind to me, and they will not take much wool, nor very much time."

"By no means, I cannot allow you to work for my doll, for nothing; and I will pay you tenpence a pair."

"But that will be too much, Miss; I have tenpence a pair for socks for real babies."

"But they may be more difficult to knit than you imagine; do you think tenpence a pair too much, dear mamma, for *Miss Isabella's* socks?"

"I think not, considering Susan may have to make several attempts ere succeeding.'

"I will run and get my doll; or suppose the little girl comes up stairs, mamma? she would perhaps like to see its clothes, and wardrobe, and bedstead:" whispered Emily.

"I have no objection, my dear; and as the pattern stockings are packed away, so that it will take Jane ten or fifteen minutes to get them, you will have plenty of time to gratify Susan."

CHAPTER IV.

S Emily and Susan stepped across the splendid hall, the latter paused for a moment as they drew near a stand, on which were placed a large number of flowers in full bloom.

"Do you like flowers?"

"Very much, indeed, Miss."

"Have you any at home?"

"A few common ones, and a few very pretty roses; but I never before saw such beautiful flowers as these!"

"Have you any geraniums?"

"No, Miss; we had several, but they died last year. Father was so delicate all the winter, that mother could not attend to them; and, unfortunately, I did

not understand how to keep them alive. We lost them all before Christmas."

"Would you like to have some more?"

"Yes, Miss; if—if you think I might take them?"

"Oh, I know you may take those I shall give you; I shall give you some of my own. You see, mamma wants me to spend a great deal of my time in the open air; so I have a small garden and a shelf in the green-house for my plants, on condition I take care of them myself. I may do what I choose with my own; and you shall have some of them. When we have settled about the right measure of *Miss* Isabella's socks, and have taken a peep at her wardrobe, we will run to the green-house, and you shall take your choice of my flowers."

"Thank you, Miss."

"Let us then hasten up stairs; or, stay —it will perhaps be wiser to go to the green-house first."

"Is it far from the house, Miss?"

"Oh, no, that door leads to it; you

"I will run with these flowers, and overtake Papa."

have your bonnet on, and luckily, I have not taken off my hat."

* * * * *

"Here we are; no great distance, I am sure. See there, Susan; there are my flowers, all on that shelf are mine; take any geraniums you like; and this little rose; and see that — ah, do you admire that myrtle so much; but *it* is not mine! it has been placed here by mistake; however, I will ask mamma if you may have it."

"Oh, no, Miss; do not trouble your mamma, if you please. I would not have thought of it, but that you told me all on this shelf belonged to you, and that I might select any I liked."

"Well, well, choose away! we will see about the myrtle presently. Hah! there is papa; he is going to see poor Mr. Lermon, who is confined to his room; stay here a moment, I will run with these flowers and overtake papa; Mr. Lermon is so fond of a few green-house plants....."

"I had a hard run; but I have been

rewarded for my trouble. Papa has settled regarding the myrtle! You may have it and welcome."

"I am very much obliged to you, Miss, and to your papa. I think I have as many now as we can place on our window-sills; how surprised and delighted father and mother will be!"

"But you have only selected seven; surely you can find room for more than those?"

"Our windows are very small, Miss."

"But have you no garden?"

"A very nice little one, Miss; but it is scarcely fit for such flowers as these; it is not sufficiently protected from our neighbor's poultry."

"That is too bad!"

"You see, Miss, there is nothing but a low fence between the bits of ground round our two cottages."

"Then they should not keep poultry, if they have no means of preventing its doing mischief to their neighbour's property."

"But were it not for their eggs and chickens, old Thomas would not be able to keep himself and his wife out of the almshouse; and, therefore, father does not like to complain. He says that *all* persons, but particularly the poor, must learn to bear and forbear."

"Yet it seems to me, old Thomas and his wife have the best of it, it would appear; they have no reason to bear nor forbear!"

"Ah, yes, Miss; they are great sufferers from rheumatism; they seldom know what it is to have a moment's complete ease from pain! Then, if their poultry does injure some of our plants, the good old couple often do us a kindness by way of amends. Indeed, I often take them a pail of water, that is always thankfully received; for the pump is no short distance from our cottage."

"But you are very little to carry pails of water far!"

"I do not carry them quite full; I carry most of the water mother uses."

"But that must occasion you to go very often to the pump?"

"Yes; but it only gives me a little more trouble; and that is of no consequence."

"You must be a great help to your mother, Susan."

"I try to be so, Miss; but I cannot do for her all I would wish to do."

"It seems to me, you do more than many other little girls do."

"Ah, Miss, you do not see how poor people's children work; many of them aid their parents much more than I do."

"Hark! mamma calls me. I will be back in a moment."

"My Turtle-dove."

CHAPTER V.

DEAR, mamma says I had better show you my turtle dove; it is a beautiful bird; step this way. There, look at it; do not go near it; we had better keep out of its sight. It is tame, but so gentle, that I never like to surprise it. Do you not think it beautiful?"

"Very pretty, indeed; I never saw a more beautiful bird."

"We will now return to the greenhouse. I should like you to walk through it entirely, since you are so fond of flowers."

"Thank you, Miss; I never expected to have seen so many beautiful plants."

"I see the net over the grapes is broken."

"I could mend it, Miss, if you like."

"And you knit so nicely! Indeed, Susan, I think you are a very clever little girl."

"Oh, Miss; mother could knit very nicely when only four years old; and there is a child living near us, who is not yet six years old, and she got a prize this summer for her spinning. And her younger sister knits nicely."

"And what prize did the little spinner get?"

"She brought home six shillings in clothing."

"An acceptable present to her parents!"

"Yes, indeed; for though they live in a comfortable cottage, yet the father is only a day laborer, and he has nine children to support."

"What a number for a poor man to feed and clothe! But, perhaps, he obtains assistance of some kind?"

"No, Miss; Harry Townsend has hitherto provided for his family by his own exertions; with what help he can get from his wife, of course!"

"You may see the Village School far away."

"And with the aid he obtains from the little knitter and spinner, you must not forget them."

"Ah, Miss, all the children are industrious."

"And do they all live at home?"

"Yes, Miss; the oldest of them is not more than fourteen."

"But, Susan, do none of the little Townsends go to the parish school?"

"Yes, Miss; their father has managed to let the elder ones attend for two or three years each; the fifth and sixth now go there. Indeed, if you look through that opening in the shrubbery, you may see the village school far away; the children are playing about. I can just see them indistinctly."

"Stay, look through this glass; ah, you have it too high; now that is right; can you not see more clearly?"

"Oh, yes, Miss; I see Aaron Townsend running after Dick Wells, and little Lizzie Townsend is standing near the door, wait-

ing till her brother shall have finished his race; she is a patient little thing."

"What time do the children dine?"

"They are dismissed at twelve."

"But it is now nearly one o'clock! yet, the children are still there; and from what I see, they do not seem to have any thought of going home."

"Many bring their dinners with them."

"And is Lizzie Townsend the little spinner?"

"Yes, Miss."

"And does the little knitter attend the school?"

"No, Miss; the distance is too great; but she knows her letters, one of her sisters teach her."

"Hah, there is one o'clock striking; if you have looked at the flowers enough and have selected all you want, we had better go to *Miss* Isabella?"

"I am quite ready, Miss."

Mamma's Budget.

MARK;

A SEQUEL

TO

SUSAN HAWTHORNE.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

First American from the Third English Edition.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
6296.

PHILADELPHIA:
HAYES & ZELL.
LONDON: WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
HAYES & ZELL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

CHAPTER I.

HE good-natured Emily Fry tripped away happy as a girl could be, feeling delighted to please a child she had heard so highly praised for filial piety, whilst Susan was almost beside herself with joy at the thought of seeing the wonderful doll and all its possessions; but on entering Emily's room, other things first struck her observation—there were the lesson books and work boxes, and there was the velvet-cushioned chair, on which was laid the Bible, that Emily used night and morning. The children passed about fifteen minutes looking at miss Isabella and her frocks, &c., when Susan having taken the measure of the young lady's foot, and one of her red shoes as

a more certain guide for size and shape, Emily, thinking to gratify her little companion, opened the door of a small room adjoining, and there displayed to the astonished Susan all her treasures!

"Ah, what a beautiful work-box! Do you like sewing, Miss?"

"No, I cannot say I do: I prefer reading to using my needle. I should rarely put in a stitch, were it not that mamma likes me to sew a little every day."

"Ah, I am not so fond of sewing, as I am of a book — that is a story book — but I am obliged to use my needle very often: mother's eyes are much weaker than formerly, and thus I try to do as much of the needle-work as I can."

"But you knit, all your spare time, I suppose; I do not see that you can find much leisure for sewing?"

"Oh yes, I can manage to get through more than you would suppose, Miss; for, happily, we are allowed to take our needle-work to school with us; and thus

I frequently work there for a couple of hours at a time."

"But that is a long time to allow you for needle-work; I should have thought your lessons would have occupied the far greater portion of your school-hours. Work a couple of hours at a time! *I* should not like that plan at all."

"Our teacher says, that for girls in my situation, it is more necessary to sew well, than to read fluently; and, therefore, as soon as we can read tolerably well, she is more anxious to give us instruction in needle-work, than in books."

"My mamma tells me, a young lady ought to be able to work well; she says, it is a woman's business; and that however accomplished a girl may be, yet, if she has not been thoroughly instructed in the use of her needle, her education is a neglected one!"

"Ah, I thought it was only necessary for poor persons to learn to sew; the rich can have all their work done for them."

"That is true in some respects; but my

mamma says, that there are occasions, when even the comforts of the rich may be enhanced by a lady's having a complete knowledge of needle-work—instance, she can then give her own instructions; and should they not be carried out to her satisfaction, she can easily point out the error, and explain how it can be remedied. Again, there are moments, when a piece of work may prove a relief against idleness — even I, little as I like the occupation, have often taken a bit of sewing up with pleasure, whilst listening to the agreeable conversation of my parents and their friends."

"But then, there is fancy work! that, I should think would be more suitable for a young lady, than plain useful sewing?"

"My mamma tells me, that useful knowledge is no less suitable to the higher classes, than to those in the humbler walks of life: besides, though I am not particularly fond of hemming and stitching, yet, I sometimes think, I should like to make a set of clothes for a little sister."

"But, Mrs. Mace told me that you have no little sister; and besides, you would scarcely be old enough to make a complete set of things for a lady's child."

"I have no dear wee sister, I regret to say; but had I one, I think I should have no insurmountable difficulty about making its clothes; of course, I should need patience; but mamma would say, that industry and energy will conquer most difficulties; and it would be such a pleasure to dress a baby in work of my own."

"I think you would find it a more troublesome business than you now suppose it; but I wish you had a little sister, just that you might try."

"Ah, my niece Effie has such a delightful time with her baby. She is younger than I am. Effie is but nine years old; yet she does so much for her little brother! And he is such a sweet-tempered, affectionate darling, he very rarely cries; and if he does begin to fret about his teeth—those troublesome teeth—a smile or a song

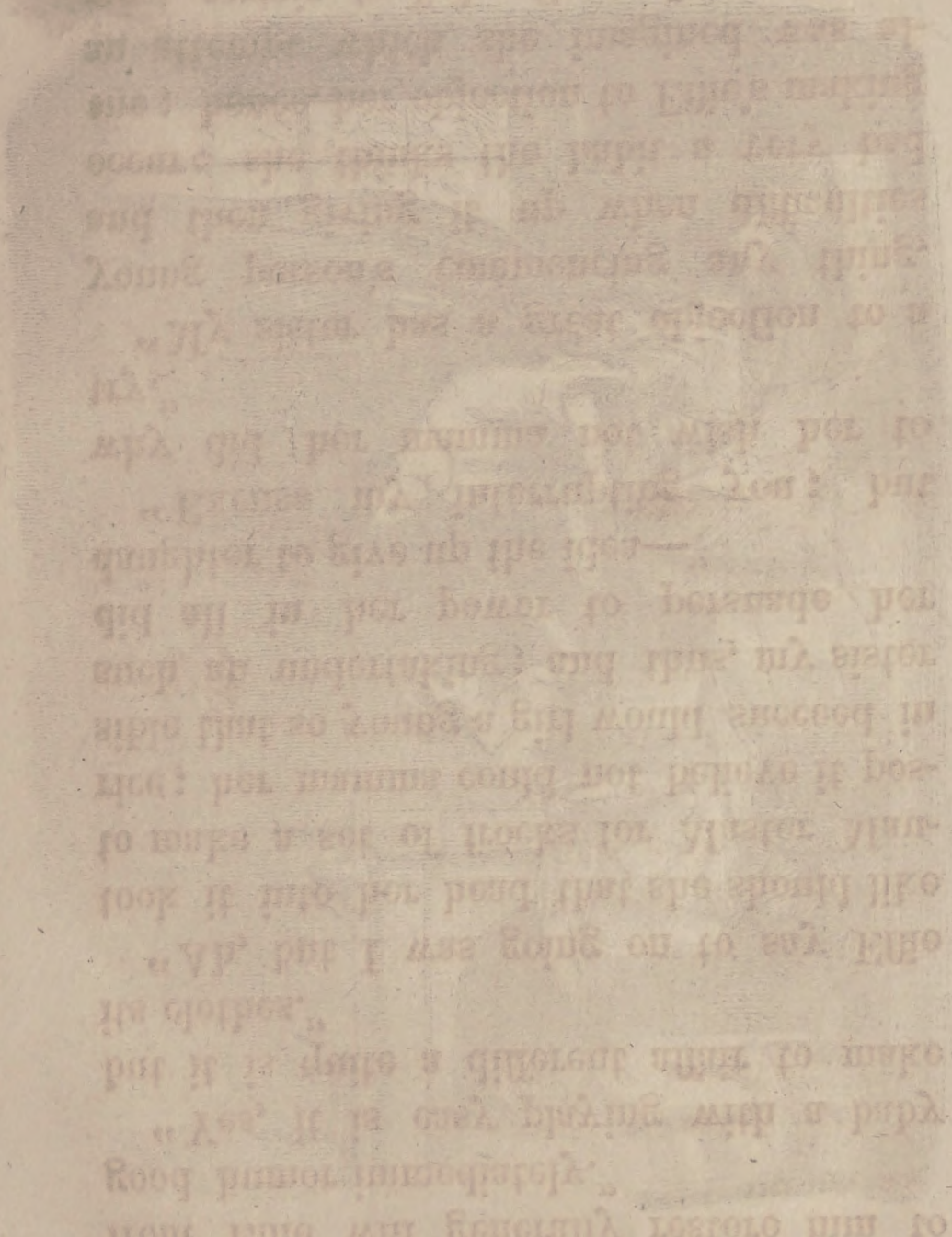
from Effie will generally restore him to good humor immediately."

"Yes, it is easy playing with a baby but it is quite a different affair to make its clothes."

"Ah, but I was going on to say Effie took it into her head that she should like to make a set of frocks for Master Maurice; her mamma could not believe it possible that so young a girl would succeed in such an undertaking; and thus, my sister did all in her power to persuade her daughter to give up the idea—"

"Excuse my interrupting you; but why did her mamma not wish her to try."

"My sister has a great objection to a young person's commencing any thing, and then giving it up when difficulties occur; she thinks the habit a very bad one; hence, her objection to Effie's making an attempt which she imagined was almost certain to fail. So, as I was observing, my sister endeavoured to convince Effie of the folly of even thinking on the



"Effie exerted herself to convince her Sister."

subject, until she should be two or three years older."

"And was Miss Effie convinced?"

"Oh, no, on the contrary, as her mamma tried to prove that the little dresses she was going to cut out, would be far too difficult for an unpractised hand to make, Effie exerted herself to convince my sister that she was fully equal to the undertaking; begging my sister to recall to mind, how beautifully the doll's clothes had been made by her own fingers the previous Christmas; and ending by assuring her mother that, if she should spoil one of Maurice's dresses, all her savings—a treasure set aside for the purchase of a doll's wardrobe—should go to repair the evil."

"And did her mamma consent?"

"At length, though much against her judgment; but as sister Louisa afterwards admitted, she could no longer withstand the earnest pleadings of Effie, as she thus entreated to be allowed to spend a portion

of her play-time, in behalf of the sleeping brother."

"And how did Miss Effie succeed in her attempt?"

"Oh, admirably! It, of course, required very great patience, not only on her own part. Her kind mamma was frequently interrupted in some important duty, that she might devote a few moments to rectify one or other of the many errors committed by the youthful dress-maker! but seeing Effie so anxious to conquer all difficulties, my good sister grudged no trouble the gratification of her little daughter's fancy occasioned herself; and ah, was not Effie happy, when the last stitch was put in the last tuck of *Master* Maurice's robe!"

"And, Miss Effie did every stitch herself?"

"Every stitch; nor is that all; for having finished one frock, she now readily persuaded her mamma to allow of her completing the whole set; twelve in number!"

"And how long did she take to finish them?—so many!"

"Not so long as you would probably suppose; because her mamma permitted her to work at them instead of at any other sewing; and as she usually gave up an hour to her needle every day, this time, added to the portion she took from her fancy work, one of her favorite recreations, made from two to three hours, which she allotted to *Master* Maurice daily; and by steadily pursuing this plan, she accomplished her work in four months; or, perhaps, a week or two more."

"They had not a great deal of work in them, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; they were mostly tucked frocks; three or four of them had inserting introduced."

"I think her mamma must have been almost as well pleased as Miss Effie herself?"

"Quite so; and since then, I have often wished that I also had a little sister or brother."

"I have sometimes wished for one; but—but I—I have as much to do for my father and mother, as I could have to do for a sister or brother."

"Yet it is not the same thing! Your parents take care of you; but had you a little brother or sister, you would take care of it."

"True, Miss, my parents do take care of me; but yet it seems to me as though I take care of them also!"

"How so? I do not comprehend you; explain, please, Susan. I am anxious to know how you can take care of your parents; a little girl take care of her parents!"

"Yes, Miss; you see if I feel a draught, I hasten to prevent its being felt by father, to whom it may occasion a fit of rheumatism. I brush all his cloth clothes for him; dust his chair down against he comes into his meals; fetch his great coat for him in winter; and, indeed, I mend the most of his clothes, since mother's eyes have been ailing. For mother, I

can do so much more than even for father; there are a hundred little things I can do for her; and she often says, that I not only save her a great deal of trouble, but that I have saved her many an illness."

"Ah, I see *you* have no occasion for a baby sister or a baby brother, in order to have some one to take care of and work for; you have your parents."

"But have not you your parents?"

"Oh, yes; but *they* do not require my care; that is, we have persons to work for us; yet I suppose, I think, there are some things I might do for them; yes, two days ago, I might have saved mamma half an hour's anxiety about the note she thought was lost; yes, had I run myself in search of it, instead of sending old Paul who cannot move quickly, I could have soon set her mind at rest. Yes, yes, Susan, you have taught me a lesson!"

"How so, Miss? I did not presume to teach you anything; I am far more ignorant than yourself."

"Susan, you have taught me that I had better take care of papa and mamma, and of all within my reach, than idly lament the want of baby brother or sister. I must turn over a new leaf. I must have a colloquy with myself."

"A what?"

"A colloquy."

"What does that mean, Miss?"

"A talk; a conversation. I mean, I must have a talk with myself. Did you never read 'A colloquy with myself,' by Bernard Barton?"

"No, Miss; no."

"Do you like poetry?"

"Yes, Miss. I like hymns very much."

"This is not a hymn; but it is worth reading."

"I have never seen it, Miss."

"I cannot lend you the book, it is not mine; but we have still a few moments to spare; and, if you like, I will read it to you now."

"I will listen with pleasure."

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded,
But by gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treach'rous sands below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:

But, when calm, refined and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendor,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.—
Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life un-ending,
Joy in heaven! or woe in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?
Much may still be left to do:
Be not by *profession* cheated;
LIVE—*as if thou knew'st them true!*

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

"Thank you, they are beautiful lines, I suppose, but I do not understand them; at least, not all of them."

"Ah, they require to be read over repeatedly. I think you would soon comprehend them, I am certain you would, if mamma explained them to you."

"Peggy, I dare say, would understand the lines from your reading them; she is quicker than I am. Poor Peggy! I wish she had been here."

"Who is poor Peggy?"

"Only a little girl, Miss, who was so anxious to see your doll, and its beautiful wardrobe."

"How did she hear of it, Susan?"

"From a friend, Miss."

"I should be delighted to have shown her *Miss* Isabella; had she come with you she might have seen it now."

"I wish she had accompanied me."

"I cannot show it her after to-day; for we leave to morrow."

"Do you take the doll with you, Miss?"

"Not this time, Susan. My good old nurse is going to pass the winter with her friends in Glasgow, and she promised me

Glasgow Cathedral.

to take charge of my doll; and, indeed, of all my toys, till my return."

"Shall you not want them abroad?"

"No, I think not; my health is so much better than formerly, that I must try and work hard at my lessons this

winter, and thus make up for lost time. But come, think no more of your friend's disappointment, her absence cannot be helped; though I wish she had seen *Miss* Isabella."

Emily selects a Toy for her Nephew.

CHAPTER II.

DIRECTING Susan to wait in the school-room, Emily stepped into the small study, a servant having said the toyman had brought some articles that she might select a plaything for her *nephew*. This little matter arranged to her satisfaction, Emily having ascertained Master baby was asleep, and consequently unable to receive his *aunt's* present immediately, again joined Susan; and the two little girls having admired the new toy to their heart's content, whilst they at the same time regretted the young gentleman's having taken so very incovenient a moment for his nap; and Susan having counted the stitches of one of the doll's stockings she had found on the school-room table, considering this means

an additional precaution for having her own work the exact size, they both descended to the drawing-room. Mace had just presented Mrs. Fry with the pattern stocking for Maurice's worsted ones, but both Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Chester were too anxiously listening to the head housemaid's account of some disappointment to be able to attend immediately to Susan. So Emily desired her to wait patiently, whilst she advanced to her mother's arm chair: "and you could not see the girl, Whitney?" said the latter lady in a rather discontented tone; "this is very annoying: I thought the affair as good as settled. Mace must have some one to assist her; and there is now no time to look about for help."

"Indeed, ma'am, I am both angry and vexed, to think your dependence on me should have caused you such inconvenience: but I could not help my cousin being taken ill, and but for that, she would have suited Mrs. Mace exactly."

"I do not see how you are to blame, Whitney; nor yet why you should be angry

at any one; it is an accident, and we must make the best of it."

"I cannot but feel angry, ma'am; for I need not have wasted the last hour if I had not been directed to look after a girl who appears to me everywhere but in the right place; had it not been for this waste of time, I could have gone elsewhere; no doubt I could have heard of one in the market; some quiet country girl would have been just the thing; but it is now too late to try to-day."

"What do you mean by being directed to see after a girl who appears to be everywhere but in the right place? pray explain yourself. I thought you said your cousin was ill in bed; and, poor girl, I do not see why you should be angry at any one for that."

"But ma'am, my aunt desired me to call at one Jane Wells: she said they were very respectable people, and had two boys and a daughter, who was a fine clever girl about twelve years old; and that she felt confident, that both the parents and their child, would be delighted for her to come here and assist

Mrs. Mace the next few months: so I went there, ma'am, and decent looking people they seem, though I have seen more tidy cottages; however, I did not suppose that would matter, if the girl would do; but Peggy, as they called her, was at school, her mother said: and both her parents expressed the most grateful satisfaction, on hearing there was a chance of their girl being employed at the Hall. So to the school I went, but when I got there, I found from the mistress, that Peggy had left for home above an hour, having something particularly to do for her mother, and which could not wait till school was over."

"It seems strange, indeed; but may she not have passed you on the road?"

"No ma'am if the mistress speaks truth; for I was not five minutes walking from their house to the school: but late as it was I decided on going back again, and when I arrived there, her mother flew off in a violent passion when I told her what the school mistress had said, declaring that it was some trick of the girl's."

"But do you mean to say that the girl was absent from school on false pretences?"

"I should not like to say that, ma'am; yet it is very certain, that the mother and the school-mistress gave quite different accounts regarding the child; and I could not make out where the girl really was."

"At least, that part of the matter seems certain, *Miss* Wells is not to be found!"

"I do not know what to do. I can hear of several persons who want their children to be taken on trial; but there are objections to all of them."

"I am afraid, Whitney, you are too particular!"

"Oh, no, ma'am; I am sure you do not want a girl in the house whom you cannot fully trust."

"Of course not; but we must also remember that it is unreasonable to expect to find old heads on young shoulders."

"True, ma'am; but yet, a girl would be worse than useless, who should not turn out truthful, obedient, and indus-

trious. Could we only get one as good as Miss Emily, I should be satisfied."

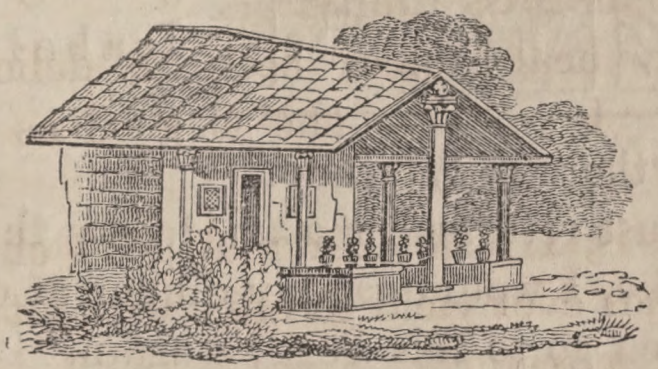
"Ah, Whitney, I am afraid, considering all the advantages Miss Emily has enjoyed, that she is not so far superior to other girls of her age; indeed, I imagine there are some, even in our small village here, who can write as well and sew much better than Miss Emily."

"Her health has been so delicate, ma'am! I am sure she is good as she can be."

"She is, I believe, a real good child; her wishes ever yield to mine without the slightest murmur."

"I fancy this Peggy Wells might take example from Miss Emily; the mother admitted her girl was *rather* wilful; and making allowance for a mother's partiality, I suppose this means *very* wilful."

"Then it is useless to think any more about such a girl."



CHAPTER III.

"MAMMA, I have just settled with Susan regarding *Miss* Isabella's socks; and — but there is Whitney."

"I just returned, ma'am, to say that if you like, I would eat my dinner at once, and then go to this Peggy's again."

"But you have so many preparations to make against our departure to-morrow."

"Yes, ma'am, there are several things that must be done; yet I should like to have obtained you a girl, if possible, since I promised to find one."

"But you cannot do impossibilities."

"But perhaps this Peggy might do."

"I doubt it, Whitney."

"It is very unquestionable, ma'am."

BOHEMIAN WAX-WING.

"Well, no great loss in such a girl, Whitney; Mace must look about for another."

"Indeed ma'am, I will not say the girl has behaved right in this matter, but my Aunt, as well as her own parents, and the mistress, gave her a high character for quickness and industry; though they did say she required a tight hand over her: but for that matter, both boys and girls require to be well minded."

"Pray Susan," said Mrs. Fry, suddenly turning towards our young friend: "Do you know any thing about this Peggy Wells? I suppose you do."

Poor Susan had been greedily devouring every syllable uttered concerning her playmate; young as she was, she could fully understand that it would be a fortunate thing for Peggy to obtain employment at the Hall: and she was waiting in breathless anxiety for Mrs. Fry's decision, as to whether she would think of Peggy—whose mother had promised Whitney to bring her after their dinner—or whether Mace was to

be directed to look for another, when the lady so suddenly addressed the question about Peggy. Conscious that she knew too much regarding Peggy's movements the last two hours for the advantage of her friend, and afraid of being betrayed into confessions which might seriously injure her young companion, Susan colored to the temples, and hesitated to answer Mrs. Fry. Mrs. Fry at once detected poor Susan's confusion, and, surprised and annoyed, she repeated her question in a severe tone of voice. "Do you know any thing about this Peggy Wells?" adding, "why do you not answer me, child?"

"Please ma'am," stammered out the frightened child, "I do know Peggy."

"And do you know where she was this morning after she left school?" demanded Mrs. Fry quickly, for she felt from the child's manner, there was some mystery with which Susan was acquainted, but which she was evidently unwilling to reveal. "Speak child; why hesitate as you do?"

"Please ma'am, I had rather not answer the question you asked just now," cried Susan in a deprecating tone, determined to try if her questioner would be content with a similar answer to the one she frequently gave her parents, when they chanced to ask about any of the village children, who had got themselves into little scrapes: and quite unconscious, that though such a reply might satisfy her good father and mother, who had full confidence in their own child's principles, and who knew that her objection to speaking, wholly arose from a dislike to utter a syllable against others, the poor girl did not consider that a perfect stranger might not put so charitable a construction on her wish to keep silence; and that the course she pursued, might injure herself in the opinion of her kindly disposed questioner, but was little likely to benefit the friend whose interests she had so much at heart.

"I am afraid there is something very wrong in all this," said Mrs. Fry in a disappointed tone: "I cannot understand why you cannot answer such a simple question,"

and she began to think, that perhaps the account Susan had given of the absence of her own school-mistress,might be no more true than the *business* which had required Peggy's presence at home above an hour earlier than usual, and she grieved to think that one to whom she had suddenly taken a strong fancy, should be guilty of playing truant, or in any way of deceiving her friends. Still, she would not decide without further information against the honest-looking countenance before her, as, though her varying colour, her hesitation, and her now gathering tears, for poor Susan saw the looks of the whole party turned towards her with a kind of reproachful enquiry, amounted to reasonable cause for suspicion, they did not prove guilt. Mrs. Fry continued,

"Cannot you say whether Peggy is honest, industrious, and obedient?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, she is honest, and can work very well, and, and,"—

"And is not very obedient," pursued Mrs Fry with a smile; who remarked in

her own mind, on the readiness with which Susan answered the first two questions, but could not find words with which to parry the last. At this moment a servant entered to say that Mrs. Wells and her girl had arrived.

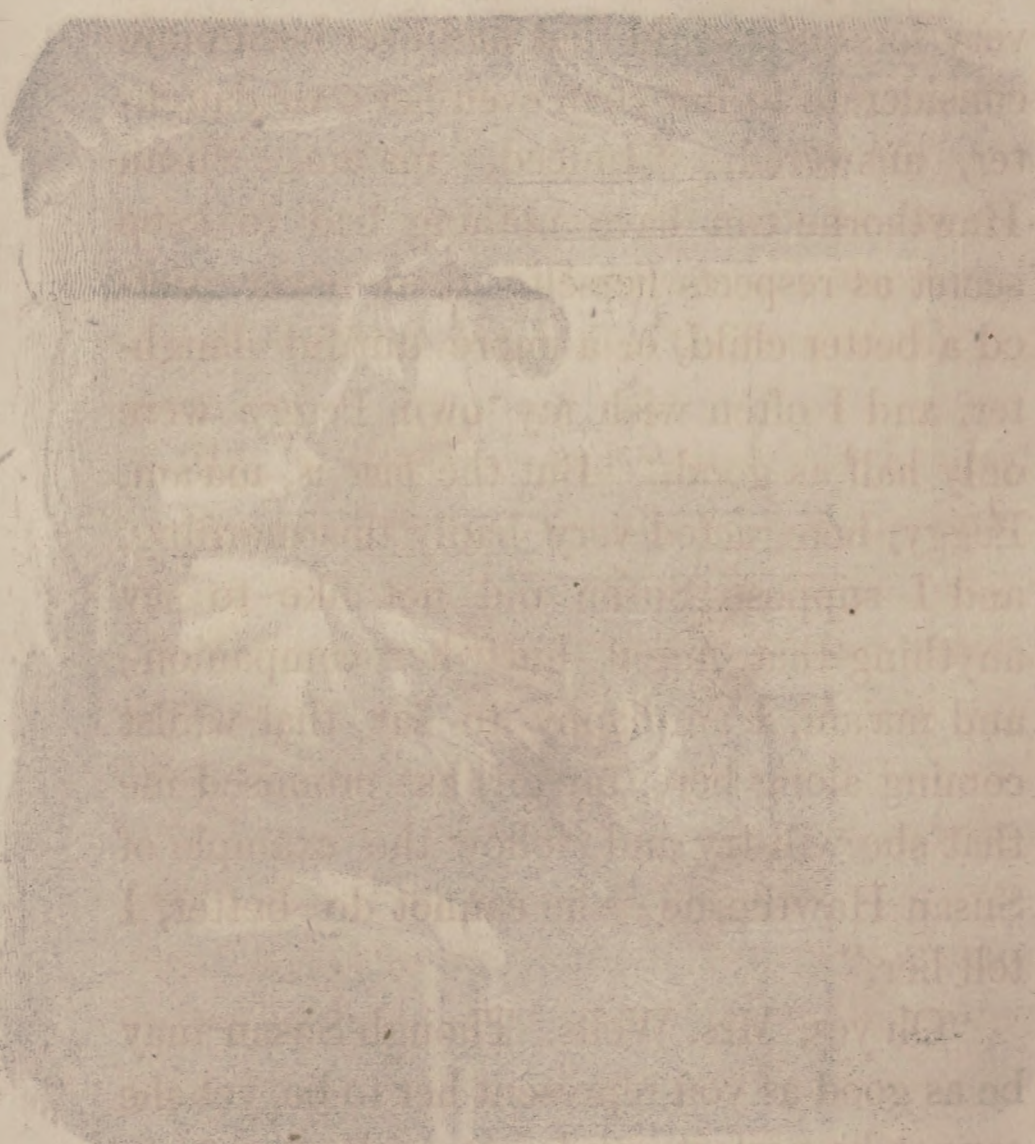
"Shew them in here at once, Stephen, and stay, Mace and Whithey, you have an interest in this business, as well as myself. We will try now, and unravel this mystery." As she thus spoke, Mrs. Wells and Peggy appeared.

Mrs. Wells, who had smothered her just indignation against her daughter, in order to get her made tidy, and to hurry her off to the Hall, now courtesied low to the ladies, and regretting much that Peggy had not been at home previously, said that she had now brought her to see Mrs. Fry; but this lady insisted on an explanation of the *business* that had compelled Peggy's leaving school so early that morning; adding, she believed the little girl present, indicating by a gesture of her hand that she meant Susan, knew all about it, but would not say, and

she feared that neither of the girls could give a very creditable reason for their wanting to keep such a secret.

Mrs. Wells, who, though a very violent, was a very truthful woman, and who was very fond of a child that had ever been more considerate to her than even her own daughter, answered, "Indeed, ma'am, Susan Hawthorne can have nothing bad to keep secret as respects herself; there never existed a better child, or a more dutiful daughter, and I often wish my own Peggy were only half as good. But the fact is, ma'am, Peggy, here, acted very badly this morning, and I suppose Susan did not like to say anything that might hurt her companion; and ma'am, I am happy to say, that whilst coming along here, my girl has promised me that she will try and follow the example of Susan Hawthorne: she cannot do better, I tell her."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Wells. Though Susan may be as good as you represent her to be, yet she cannot be perfect, and in pointing out an example to your child, why not point to the



Susan reading to her Mother.

example of Christ, whose whole history displays one unparalleled and uninterrupted submission to the will of God."

"I often tell my girl, ma'am, that if she would read her Bible more frequently than she does, she might be a better child; but though she sees Susan reading chapter after chapter to her mother, Peggy never feels disposed to spend even a small portion of her time in the same praiseworthy manner."

"It would be useless for your girl to read her Bible, unless she studied to obey its instructions. Peggy, in that precious volume you would find the means of correcting those evil habits which already seem to have made you their slave! but its mere perusal would not avail you; its precepts must be obeyed, not only in the letter, but likewise in the *spirit*. Would you strive to lead a course of life useful to yourself and pleasing to your heavenly Father, *begin* and *end* every day with God. Remember, he who serves God, has the best master in the world; and, re-

member farther, that all bad habits are more easily conquered to-day than to-morrow! Read your Bible daily; the truths you find contained in it, lay up in your heart; and when you are tempted to do a wrong action, you must consider that though your earthly parents may not see nor know it, yet the Almighty Father — the God of heaven and earth, is ever near you, and always has His eye upon you. He sees you wherever you are, by night as well as by day; and knows your every thought, word, and action. He will punish you if you do ill; and reward you if you do well. By forgetting or neglecting God, our very virtues are without profit! They will not obtain us the blessing of Heaven. Let me again urge you, Peggy, to make the Bible your study; make the sermon on the Mount your *own;* in its divine precepts you will find the rule of life which leads to salvation. When I advise your mother to quote a more perfect example than that of Susan, I would be understood as pointing to the

only perfect One that has ever existed in this world of sin? Our Blessed Saviour's example is the pattern we should try to follow. This is our only safe course."

"Yes ma'am, but Susan is indeed an excellent girl, and I do wish I could say with truth, that my own daughter resembled her. Often when I am late at work, and Peggy is idling instead of minding her business, will Susan leave her knitting, or her play, and come over and prepare my Dick's supper for him, on his return from folding his sheep; whilst she frequently takes care of little Georgie, and wraps him up in her shawl at evenings when damp or cold; were it not for Susan's good nature in this respect, I should frequently be obliged to decline a day's work, for I should not like to leave my boys to be neglected; and Peggy is more careless than Susan."

"At least, my good woman, you are sincere; but Peggy, just speak out plainly, and tell me where you were this morning when my servant called at the school."

There was nothing left for it, but that

Peggy should confess the fault she had committed, though more than once her shame and her tears so far impeded her utterance, that Mrs. Fry was obliged by kind but decided questions, to draw out her confession. At length she stopped, and her mother, mortified and grieved, pleaded that perhaps both she and her husband had occasionally been too severe with Peggy, and so, from over anxiety, driven her to deceive them; but Mrs. Fry answered immediately, "No, no, Mrs. Wells, a parent's severity does not justify falsehood. Severity, though it is frequently more injurious than injudicious lenity, does not justify falsehood." But turning again to Peggy, she asked her, "Have you nothing more to say?" "Nothing ma'am," answered Peggy, scarcely able to articulate for her sobs, "excepting, that had I minded Susan, I should have told mother all, before ever I came to the Hall. She would not come with me, because her own mother had forbidden her to leave till her return:" and here poor Peggy did ample justice to her playmate; for she

dearly loved her, though she had never yet followed her example.

Mrs. Fry continued in a friendly tone: "Peggy, Susan acted rightly. How much happier should we all be, if, when tempted, we could steadfastly resist."

"Indeed ma'am, I will never again tempt Susan, or any one else, to what is wrong:" said Peggy, eagerly.

"Say rather," responded Mrs. Fry, "I will pray God to enable me not to do it: Peggy, you can do nothing good, but through the help of the Holy Spirit, which God will give to all those who sincerely ask for it. God wills that every being He has made, should know and acknowledge that He has a *right* to govern and command them; and that it is *best* he should command them. Moreover, if they do not obey his commandments, he will punish them for their disobedience. And do you not know Peggy, that one of the commandments of God, expressly declares—thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother?"

"Yes ma'am," said Peggy, "it is the fifth;

and in future, I will try to obey it better."

"Do so; parents must govern; children must obey; or there will inevitably be misery in every household. I have myself known instances, in which *one* disobedient child has destroyed the peace of a whole family, nor stopped in its wicked career, until it had brought down the grey heads of its parents to the grave, in bitter sorrow."

"Indeed, ma'am, my parents shall not owe their deaths to an undutiful daughter."

"Remember, temptations of many kinds beset your path daily and hourly. Satan was once good, but he fell, and others with him; they were consequently cast down out of heaven."

"Satan was a tempter. He is a tempter still. Avoid him and his wicked followers. Whoever tempts you to evil, is a follower of Satan. When you, Peggy, this morning tempted your companion to disobey her mother, you were, at the time, like Satan, and one of his followers!"

To this appeal, Peggy could only answer by sobs for some minutes; at length she

composed herself sufficiently to stammer out in almost unintelligible words:

"Indeed, ma'am, I did not think it was so wicked to ask Susan to come with me."

"I believe you, Peggy. You and others do not think, that when you do wrong, you are like Satan, but there are many ways in which you become his followers; when you feel angry with your playfellows; when you feel discontented; when you have wrong feelings towards your parents and teachers; when you feel unwilling to submit to their orders and wishes. When you covet the possessions of other people. When you are guilty of any of these faults, and of many others I have not time to mention, you become a follower of Satan! For your Heavenly father forbids you to encourage such feelings, and in disobeying Him, you fight against *His government*, and become what Satan is—a rebel against your Creator.

"Henceforth, Peggy, never tempt any one to do evil, not even in the least trifle; if you persuade a person to do, what you know they should not do, you are equally culpa-

ble, you are equally a follower of the Bad Spirit, whether the error you have caused your victim to commit be *great* or *small*. To tempt to evil is to resemble Satan! You, child, may have begun *thoughtlessly*, and in trifles; but tremble, yes tremble, lest you become *more* like him, and end by *wilfully* tempting your intended victims to eternal destruction! My child, pray to your heavenly Father earnestly and hourly, that he will vouchsafe to preserve you from following in the steps of the enemy of mankind."

"And now, Mace," continued Mrs. Fry, "it must be late; and I require some short time to decide on what to do respecting Peggy's coming here. I think Mrs. Wells had better return home: you can take the girls with you; and when they have had a little refreshment, you can bring them to me again."

As soon as Mrs. Fry was left alone with her two daughters, Emily took her mother's hand, and with tears in her eyes, begged her mother to forgive Peggy.

"Indeed mamma," she pleaded, "she

is not so bad as that little Scotch boy used to be; you know he had stolen things several times, he had even stolen money from his father! and yet, mamma, he has turned out well."

"True, my dear; but there is a difference between the two cases which ought to be taken into consideration; this girl has a comfortable home, good parents, and has had the opportunity of receiving useful instruction at an excellent school; poor Gilbert, on the contrary, had not a bed to sleep on; of his deceased mother he had no recollection, whilst his father neglected him; and as for instruction, he had never been inside a school or a church! For all the information he had obtained, he was indebted to the idle and the vicious. The streets of London were his only *home*."

"But, mamma, Peggy does not appear to have a *very* comfortable home; nor do her parents seem as good as Susan's."

"Peggy is mainly in fault herself. Her parents have weakly indulged her; but

from what I hear, this indulgence appears to have been the effect of mistaken affection; hence, I am afraid the girl's undutiful behaviour bespeaks an ungrateful heart; the constant wranglings occasioned by Peggy's misconduct makes an uncomfortable home; but this state of affairs cannot be compared to the miserable existence led by little Gilbert, till his fortunate removal here."

"Yet, mamma, since he improved so rapidly, may not this girl do so likewise?"

"That is not so certain, Emily. But be easy, my dear child, I will give this Peggy Wells a fair trial; for her companion I have taken a great fancy. Susan Hawthorne is a child any mother might be proud to own; so modest, so affectionate, so high principled, she would prove a blessing to a parent in any situation in life. Indeed, I should like to see her mother; perhaps, I will go there now; your papa, I see, is coming across the lawn; we will meet him, Emily. Louisa, dear, we shall not be long."

CHAPTER IV.

"MAMMA, I have thirty-three shillings of my own; may I not give them to Susan for her father's benefit."

"Of course, my dear, you can do so if you like; but if you ask my opinion on the subject, I should advise your not taking the father's interests out of his little daughter's hands."

"I will be guided by you, dear mamma; yet I should like to have done something for the good of this worthy family."

"Again, I say, you can do with your own as you wish; but I think it would be a pity to do anything which might damp the efforts of this affectionate child."

"I do not want to spend my money on useless trifles; but we have nearly got up to papa. I should like to know what he would advise?"

"Well, you can ask his opinion when we reach him."

"I will do so. . . Papa, what had I better do with some thirty-three shillings I have been hoarding up till I should find some desirable way of employing it?"

"I have just heard of a little boy in this neighborhood who has met with a most disastrous accident; he was running a race, when his foot slipped, and he fell at the moment that a heavy cart, drawn by a powerful runaway horse, passed over the very spot where poor Mark Stanley had fallen; both legs were broken."

"Poor fellow; but where does he live, papa?"

"He resides with an aunt — a Mrs. Ruthven."

"Papa, will he lose his legs?"

"No, Emily; there is no fear of that Mark is so patient, that Dr. Peat says he

will ultimately recover, unless some unexpected change takes place; in the mean time, the noble boy is in great distress of mind.

"It seems, that Mark's worldly wealth consists chiefly in his energy. There are several poor families whose necessities are supplied by this spirited boy—living with an aunt who is not over-burdened with money; Mark has hit upon a plan of his own to help his poorer neighbors, without drawing on the slender means of his kind relative. He devotes all his spare time to collecting moneys for several parties living in the village, and who being well acquainted with the lad's object, are quite willing to give him a helping hand."

"And, papa, how old is Mark?"

"Twelve years of age, Emily?"

"And does he make much by collecting, dear papa?"

"Much for a boy so young."

"And why is he now so distressed in mind, papa?"

"He is *now* unable to help the poor."

"But that is not his fault!"

"No, Emily; yet he considers it a great misfortune."

"I do not see how the evil can be remedied?"

"I see only one way, my dear; that those Mark has hitherto aided, should receive assistance from other parties; this plan would satisfy the generous-hearted boy; and it might also enable such as yourself, *Miss* Emily, to get rid of any surplus money they may happen to possess."

"I understand; you would have my thirty-three shillings spent in this manner, dear papa?"

"It would be a consolation to poor Mark."

"Then, papa, he shall have them."

"He will be delighted."

"When will you send them?"

"I am not certain. It depends on when I can see Mrs. Hawthorne."

"But if we go to-morrow?"

"Oh, he shall have them ere we go."

"The remembrance of all the good he has done, should be a comfort to him!"

"It would, dear, were it not that those who have been in the habit of looking to him for some little support, are now in want; for you seem to forget, dear Emily, that, crippled as he is, it is quite out of his power to collect money."

"True, true; but papa, how could I help these poor people? In the first place, I do not know where they live; and in the second place, as we go away to-morrow, I should not be able to visit them, even if I could ascertain their place of abode. I—I might send them the money! I did not think of that plan before."

"Nor is it one that would quite meet the case. Alms given in that way might answer well enough in some cases, but not under present circumstances; for I imagine, that more than one of the parties concerned, are in that situation in life that their delicacy would be deeply wounded, were they thus to have charity

thrust on them, as it were, at the instance of a stranger."

"Then, dear papa, what can I do?"

"Send your spare money to Mark?"

"But what can he do with it in his present state, dear papa?"

"Continue to disburse his charities as he did before; only formerly, he provided the means himself; now they would be provided for him by others; whilst the objects of his bounty could receive their little portions as heretofore, from their youthful benefactor."

"Papa, I will send him my thirty-three shillings, if you will kindly have it conveyed to him."

"I will send it him through the person who told me of the accident."

"Who was that, my dear?"

"A person named Hawthorne."

"The very person we wish to go and see!"

"Ah, what may you have to do with her?"

"Something about a girl to help Mace, during our absence."

"I have only just come from her cottage; but I do not think you will find her at home, she told me she was going to see a sick neighbor; and, indeed, she had her bonnet on when I came away."

"Had I known you were there, I would not have waited the last half hour for your return, but would have joined you at Mrs. Hawthorne's; howver, we may as well go home again, after what you tell us. But let me ask you, why did you go to the good woman's cottage?"

"To speak to her husband, regarding work."

"And, papa, what made his wife tell you about young Stanley?"

"She had just seen his aunt, who had been to ask Mrs. Hawthorne to let her little girl go and sit with Mark. It seems, Süsan Hawthorne is a very nice child."

"The very girl I want to speak to her mother about; but yet I should not have

thought the family had been on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Hawthorne."

"Perhaps not; but *excellence* is always sought after, and several parties have spoken to me most highly of this family, and particularly of the daughter, whose reputation, young as she is, appears to stand very high among all her neighbors."

"Papa, what do you mean by *neighbors?*"

"In speaking of this young girl, I meant to say, that *all* who know any thing about her, have the highest opinion of her character. In the common acceptance of the word, *neighbor* is supposed to designate those who reside near each other; its scriptural interpretation applies the term to *all* persons whose position may require, or whose situation enables them to render any of the kindly offices so strongly inculcated by our Divine Master."

"Then, papa, Mark is my neighbor?"

"He is; he requires your aid."

"And Susan Hawthorne is his neighbor?"

"Yes; for by reading to him, as Mrs. Ruthven requested her mother she might do, she will do him a service."

"But, papa, if all we benefit, or from whom we receive benefits are our neighbors; then, people living in far distant countries, may be neighbors to each other?"

"Certainly; and in most cases, every kind deed, every kind word, tends to strengthen the bond of sympathy between nations, no less than between individuals."

"Then, surely, it is wrong to speak of foreigners, as though they were not made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves!"

"Very wrong, indeed, Emily; it is a prejudice most commonly founded on *ignorance;* persons who have travelled much, either personally or in their library, are in their views more liberal; they *know* that the virtues and the vices of mankind, are confined to no particular nation."

"Papa, what do you mean by a person's travelling in their library? such a strange place to travel in!"

"If you read a good book of travels, it frequently gives more solid information than you could possibly obtain from a journey; unless it should be taken in a far more rational way than is usual with most of our tourists."

"How so, dear papa?"

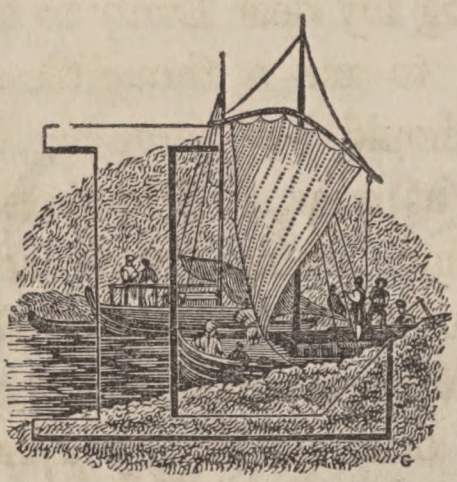
"They travel too rapidly in many cases."

"Papa, am I too young to read travels?"

"Not in the least, my dear; there may always something be found in a book of travels to interest a child.

Susan's Bullfinch.

CHAPTER V.



"LOUISA, we had a delightful walk, I wish you had not been too much fatigued to have accompanied us; have you heard any thing of Mrs. Mace and her two young charges?"

"No, Emily; beyond seeing them in the distance walking towards the dairy and poultry yard."

"I like that little Susan! but poor Peggy—I cannot help pitying her, Louisa."

"I hope mamma will do something for her. Hah! here is mamma; I was just speaking of you and that little Peggy."

"I am afraid she will prove troublesome."

"But, dear mamma, really the poor girl

appears so grieved and repentant, that I do believe, she will never again be so naughty as she has been: do, please, dear mamma, just try her for once."

"I am willing my dear Emily to try her, but she seems to me a thoughtless girl; and I think I should best serve her, by not doing for her at once, all I had originally intended, and thus, let her future advancement, depend on her good conduct. Besides, I wish to reward Susan, in some degree."

"Of course, dear mamma, you must be the best judge of what is right; I was wrong to want to interfere: pursued the warm-hearted Emily."

"Never wrong, my dear, to confide your wishes and opinions to your own mother, so long as you are willing to yield both, to her more experienced judgment. I will now tell you what I intend regarding these two girls, and Louisa and you can tell me if you think of any better plan. Instead of Peggy's coming daily for a couple of hours morning and evening, I advise that Susan comes half the time; when Mace

can judge of their characters and abilities. On our return from the Continent next spring, the Hall will be crowded with visitors, when we shall require help for the servants, and if Mace finds them obedient, and willing to learn, we can take them into the house for what they can do; not much, perhaps, but I should like Susan about you, Emily, hereafter; and I think Peggy has good points in her character, which might be turned to valuable account, if properly directed. Do you agree?"

"Yes, mamma;" answered both her daughters: "and what wages will Mace give them?"

"Why, Emily, their wages cannot be very high at first; ninepence a week each, will suffice till our return, afterwards, we must pay them more. I hope, one of these days, to see Susan your maid; and I think Peggy may replace our third housemaid, when Julia marries, which she will do at the end of two years and a half. However, for the next few months, Susan will have secured an additional nine-pence per week.

"Oh, thanks, mamma. How happy Susan will be: and indeed, I shall so like to have her for my maid some day; but mamma, when shall I be old enough to have a maid,—soon?"

"You are now thirteen; and five years hence, will be soon enough for you to have a maid of your own, my dear. In the mean while, Susan can be instructed in a few of her future duties, and on our return from abroad, you yourself can teach her more reading and writing than she is likely to obtain otherwise."

On Mace's return to her mistress with the girls, they were told of this. It was far better as respected Peggy, than she could have possibly expected, and she promised to prove her gratitude, by a complete change of conduct—a promise, I am glad to say, she faithfully kept; for she prayed for the Holy Spirit, to enable her to do it.

Susan was overwhelmed with joy, on finding herself put in a fair way, not only of obtaining the trowsers for her father, but also a new gown for her dear mother! And

then, when servant at the Hall, what would she not buy in the way of comforts for her parents? How she rejoiced, that, though she had been tempted to disobedience by Peggy, she had resisted the tempation. Had she yielded, not only would she have displeased the best of parents, and offended God; but in all probability, she would not have entered the service of Mrs. Fry. Both she and Peggy proved excellent servants. Susan assisted her young friend, and endeavoured to keep Peggy in the path of virtue. They never, *willingly*, placed themselves in the way of temptation; and when tempted, by earnest prayer to God, were frequently enabled to avoid the tempter's snare.

Dec. 16 1856

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 027 310 700 9